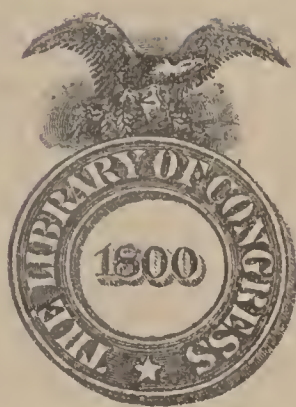


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# H Y M N S

OF THE

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

IN THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

SET FORTH

IN GENERAL CONVENTIONS OF SAID CHURCH,

IN THE

YEARS OF OUR LORD 1789, 1808, AND 1826.

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Estate of Mrs. Rebecca W. Dearborn,  
Dec. 4, 1898

IN pursuance of a resolution of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the United States of America, we, the subscribers, a Committee authorized for the purpose, do hereby publish the Hymns of the said Church, and those set forth by the said Convention, at their session in November, in the year of our Lord 1826; and this edition of the said Hymns, agreeably to the aforesaid resolution, is to be the standard copy.

JOHN HENRY HOBART,

*Bishop of the Protestant Epis. Church in the State of New York.*

JOHN CROES,

*Bishop of the Protestant Epis. Church in the State of New Jersey.*

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*Professor of Bib. Learning, and Interpretation of Scripture, in the General Theological Seminary.*

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*Professor of Systematic Divinity in the Gen. Theological Seminary.*

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*An assistant Minister of Christ-Church, &c. Philadelphia.*

WM. AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG,

*Rector of St. George's Church, Flushing, Long-Island*

APRIL 10, 1827.

# HYMNS.

## I. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

### HYMN 1. *C. M.*

- 1 **G**REAT GOD, with wonder and with praise  
On all thy works I look ;  
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,  
Shine brightest in thy book.
- 2 The stars, that in their courses roll,  
Have much instruction given ;  
But thy good word informs my soul  
How I may soar to heaven.
- 3 The fields provide me food, and show  
The goodness of the Lord ;  
But fruits of life and glory grow  
In thy most holy word.
- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid ;  
Here my best comfort lies ;  
Here my desires are satisfied,  
And here my hopes arise.
- 5 Lord, make me understand thy law,  
Show what my faults have been,  
And from thy Gospel let me draw  
Pardon for all my sin.
- 6 Here would I learn how Christ has died  
To save my soul from hell ;  
Not all the books on earth, beside,  
Such heavenly wonders tell.
- 7 Then let me love my Bible more,  
And take a fresh delight,  
By day, to read these wonders o'er,  
And meditate by night.



## HYMN 2. *C. M.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines !  
For ever be thy name adored,  
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find,  
Riches above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
And yields a free repast ;  
Sublimier sweets than nature knows  
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around ;  
And life, and everlasting joys,  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O ! may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight ;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be thou for ever near ;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there.

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## II. CREATION.

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## HYMN 3. *C. M.*

- 1 **G**REAT First of beings, mighty Lord  
Of all this wondrous frame,  
Produced by thy creating word,  
The world from nothing came.
- 2 Thy voice sent forth the high command ;  
'Twas instantly obeyed ;  
And, through thy goodness, all things stand,  
Which by thy power were made.

#### HYMN 4.

- 3 Lord, for thy glory, shine the whole ;  
They all reflect thy light :  
For this, in course the planets roll,  
And day succeeds the night.
- 4 For this, the sun disperses heat  
And beams of cheering day ;  
And distant stars, in order set,  
By night thy power display.
- 5 For this, the earth its produce yields,  
For this, the waters flow ;  
And blooming plants adorn the fields,  
And trees aspiring grow.
- 6 Inspired with praise, our minds pursue  
This wise and noble end—  
That all we think, and all we do,  
Shall to thine honour tend.

#### HYMN 4. *C. M.*

Genesis, i.

- 1 **L**ET heaven arise, let earth appear,  
Proclaimed the eternal Lord :  
The heaven arose, the earth appeared,  
At his creating word.
- 2 But formless was the earth, and void,  
Dark, sluggish, and confused,  
Till o'er the mass the Spirit moved,  
And quickening power diffused.
- 3 Then spake the Lord omnipotent  
The mandate, "Be there light :"  
Light darted forth in vivid rays,  
And scattered ancient night.
- 4 The glorious firmament he spread,  
To part the earth and sky ;  
And fixed the upper elements  
Within their spheres on high.
- 5 He bade the seas together flow ;  
They left the solid land ;  
And herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,  
Sprung forth at his command.
- 6 Above, he formed the stars ; and placed  
Two greater orbs of light ;



## HYMN 5.

- The radiant sun to rule the day,  
The moon to rule the night.
- 7 To all the varied living tribes  
He gave their wondrous birth ;  
Some formed within the watery deep,  
Some from the teeming earth.
- 8 Then, chief o'er all his works below,  
Man, honoured man, was made ;  
His soul with God's pure image stamped,  
With innocence arrayed.
- 9 Completed now the mighty work,  
God his creation viewed ;  
And, pleased with all that he had made,  
Pronounced it "very good."

## HYMN 5. II. 1.

Psalm cxlviii.

### *Praise from living Creatures.*

- 1 **B**EGIN, my soul, the exalted lay ;  
Let each enraptured thought obey,  
And praise the Almighty's name ;  
Let heaven and earth, and seas and skies,  
In one melodious concert, rise,  
To swell the inspiring theme.
- 2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,  
While all the adoring thrones around  
His boundless mercy sing ;  
Let every listening saint above  
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,  
And touch the sweetest string.
- 3 Whate'er this living world contains,  
That wings the air, or treads the plains,  
United praise bestow ;  
Ye tenants of the ocean wide,  
Proclaim him through the mighty tide,  
And in the deeps below.
- 4 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,  
The feeling heart, the judging head,  
In heavenly praise employ ;  
Spread his tremendous Name around,  
While heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,  
The general burst of joy.



## HYMN 6. II. 1.

Psalm cxlviii.

*Praise from the Elements and Worlds.*

- 1 **Y**E fields of light, celestial plains,  
Where pure, serene effulgence reigns,  
Ye scenes divinely fair,  
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim,  
Tell how he formed your shining frame,  
And breathed the fluid air.
- 2 Join, all ye stars, the vocal choir ;  
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,  
The mighty chorus aid ;  
And, soon as evening veils the plain,  
Thou moon, prolong the hallowed strain,  
And praise him in the shade.
- 3 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,  
Proclaim the glories of thy God ;  
Ye worlds, declare his might ;  
He spake the word, and ye were made ;  
Darkness and dismal chaos fled,  
And nature sprung to light.
- 4 Let every element rejoice ;  
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice  
To him who bids you roll ;  
His praise in softer notes declare,  
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,  
And breathe it to the soul.

## HYMN 7. L. M.

Psalm xix.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue, ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ,  
And, nightly, to the listening earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth ;

## HYMN 8.

- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets, in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball !  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found !—
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
“ The hand that made us is divine.”

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## III. PROVIDENCE.

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### HYMN 8. *L. M.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of every joy,  
Well may thy praise our lips employ,  
While in thy temple we appear,  
To hail thee, Sovereign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports and guides the whole :  
The sun is taught by thee to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command,  
Perfumes the air, and paints the land ;  
The summer rays with vigour shine,  
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours  
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;  
And winters, softened by thy care,  
No more the face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,  
Demand successive songs of praise ;  
And be the grateful homage paid,  
With morning light and evening shade.
- 6 Here, in thy house, let incense rise,  
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,  
Till to those lofty heights we soar,  
Where days and years revolve no more.



HYMN 9. II. 3.

Psalm xxiii.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary, wandering steps he leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still :  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

HYMN 10. C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise !
- 2 O ! how shall words, with equal warmth,  
The gratitude declare,  
That glows within my ravished heart !  
But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Thy providence my life sustained,  
And all my wants redressed,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learned  
To form themselves in prayer.
- 5 Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,



## HYMN 11.

Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flowed.

6 When in the slippery paths of youth,  
With heedless steps, I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.

7 Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths,  
It gently cleared my way,  
And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be feared than they.

8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renewed my face ;  
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace.

9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
Has made my cup run o'er,  
And, in a kind and faithful friend,  
Has doubled all my store.

10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ,  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

11 Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue,  
And, after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

12 When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more,  
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.

13 Through all eternity, to thee,  
A joyful song I'll raise ;  
But, O ! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

## HYMN 11. III. 1.

Psalm xxxi. 15.

*“ My times are in thy hand*

1 **S**OVEREIGN Ruler of the skies  
Ever gracious, ever wise,

## HYMN 12.

- All our times are in thy hand,  
All events at thy command.
- 2 He that formed us in the womb,  
He shall guide us to the tomb;  
All our ways shall ever be  
Ordered by his wise decree.
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health,  
Blighting want, and cheerful wealth,  
All our pleasures, all our pains,  
Come, and end, as God ordains.
- 4 May we always own thy hand,  
Still to thee surrendered stand,  
Know that thou art God alone,  
We and ours are all thy own!

## HYMN 12. C. M.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines,  
With never failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his gracious will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace:  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour:  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain:  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.



## IV. REDEMPTION.

### HYMN 13. *S. M.*

Job ix. 2—6.

- 1 **A**H, how shall fallen man  
Be just before his God !  
If he contend in righteousness,  
We sink beneath his rod.
- 2 If he our ways should mark,  
With strict inquiring eyes,  
Could we for one of thousand faults  
A just excuse devise ?
- 3 All-seeing, powerful God !  
Who can with thee contend ?  
Or who, that tries the unequal strife,  
Shall prosper in the end ?
- 4 The mountains, in thy wrath,  
Their ancient seats forsake ;  
The trembling earth deserts her place,  
Her rooted pillars shake.
- 5 Ah, how shall guilty man  
Contend with such a God ?  
None, none can meet him, and escape,  
But through the Saviour's blood.

### HYMN 14. *L. M.*

Job ix. 30—33.

- 1 **T**HOUGH I should seek to wash me clean  
In water of the driven snow,  
My soul would yet its spot retain,  
And sink in conscious guilt and wo ;—
- 2 The Spirit, in his power divine,  
Would cast my vaunting soul to earth,  
Expose the foulness of its sin,  
And show the vileness of its worth.
- 3 Ah, not like erring man is God,  
That men to answer him should dare ;  
Condemned, and into silence awed,  
They helpless stand before his bar.
- 4 There must a Mediator plead,  
Who, God and man, may both embrace ;



## HYMN 15, 16.

With God, for man to intercede,  
And offer man the purchased grace.

- 5 And, lo! the Son of God is slain  
To be this Mediator crowned :  
In him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,  
In him thy righteousness be found !

## HYMN 15. *L. M.*

- 1 **A**LL-GLORIOUS GOD, what hymns of praise  
Shall our transported voices raise !  
What ardent love and zeal are due,  
While heaven stands open to our view !
- 2 Once we were fallen, and, O ! how low !  
Just on the brink of endless wo ;  
When Jesus, from the realms above,  
Borne on the wings of boundless love,—
- 3 Scattered the shades of death and night,  
And spread around his heavenly light !  
By him what wondrous grace is shown  
To souls empoverished and undone !
- 4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,  
A bright inheritance as ours,  
Where saints in light our coming wait,  
To share their holy, happy state.

## HYMN 16. *C. M.*

- 1 **S**ALVATION ! O, the joyful sound !  
Glad tidings to our ears,  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation ! buried once in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay ;  
But now we rise, by grace divine,  
And see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 Salvation ! O, thou bleeding Lamb,  
To thee the praise belongs :  
Our hearts shall kindle at thy name,  
Thy name inspire our songs.

## HYMN 17, 18.

*Chorus, for the end of each verse.*

Glory, honour, praise, and power,  
Be unto the Lamb for ever !  
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer !  
Hallelujah, praise the Lord !

### HYMN 17. C. M.

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name  
Awake the sacred song :  
O ! may his love (immortal flame !)  
Tune every heart and tongue !
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach !  
What mortal tongue display !  
Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,  
Left the bright realms of bliss,  
And came to earth to bleed and die !  
Was ever love like this ?
- 4 Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay  
Our humble thanks to thee,  
May every heart with rapture say,  
"The Saviour died for me."
- 5 O ! may the sweet, the blissful theme  
Fill every heart and tongue,  
Till strangers love thy charming name,  
And join the sacred song.

### HYMN 18. III. 3.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, Source of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to grateful lays ;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,  
Sung by raptured saints above ;  
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,  
While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God ;  
Thou, to save my soul from danger,  
Didst redeem me with thy blood.



HYMN 19, 20.

- 4 By thy hand restored, defended,  
Safe through life thus far I'm come ;  
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,  
Bring me to my heavenly home.

HYMN 19. C. M.

Titus iii. 4—7.

- 1 **M**Y grateful soul, for ever praise,  
For ever love his name,  
Who turned thee from the fatal paths  
Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 2 Vain and presumptuous is the trust  
Which in our works we place ;  
Salvation from a higher source  
Flows to our fallen race.
- 3 'Tis from the love of God, through Christ,  
That all our hopes begin ;  
His mercy saved our souls from death,  
And washed us from our sin.
- 4 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,  
His sacred fire imparts,  
Removes our dross, and love divine  
Enkindles in our hearts.
- 5 Thus, raised from death, we live anew,  
And, justified by grace,  
We hope in glory to appear,  
And see our Father's face.

HYMN 20. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,  
Unconscious of its load !  
The heart, unchanged, can never rise  
To happiness and God.
- 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,  
In paths of ruin stray :  
Reason, debased, can never find  
The safe, the narrow way.
- 3 Can aught beneath a power divine  
The stubborn will subdue ?  
'Tis thine, Almighty Saviour, thine  
To form the heart anew.



## HYMN 21, 22.

- 4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,  
And upwards bid them rise ;  
And make the scales of error fall  
From reason's darkened eyes.
- 5 To chase the shades of death away,  
And bid the sinner live,  
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,  
'Tis thine alone to give.
- 6 O ! change these wretched hearts of ours,  
And give them life divine :  
Then shall our passions and our powers,  
Almighty Lord, be thine.

## HYMN 21. C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, to thee my soul I lift ;  
On thee my hope depends ;  
Convinced that every perfect gift  
From thee alone descends.
- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,  
And power and wisdom too ;  
Without the Spirit of thy Son  
We nothing good can do.
- 3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,  
Our good is all divine ;  
The praise of every holy thought  
And righteous word is thine.
- 4 From thee, through Jesus, we receive  
The power on thee to call,  
In whom we are, and move, and live :  
Our God is *all in all*.

## HYMN 22. III. 1.

- 1 **S**ING, my soul, his wondrous love,  
Who, from yon bright throne above,  
Ever watchful o'er our race,  
Still to man extends his grace.
- 2 Heaven and earth by him were made ;  
All is by his sceptre swayed ;  
What are we, that he should show  
So much love to us below !
- 3 God, the merciful and good,  
Bought us with the Saviour's blood ;

## HYMN 23, 24.

And, to make our safety sure,  
Guides us by his Spirit pure.

- 4 Sing, my soul ; adore his name ;  
Let his glory be thy theme ;  
Praise him till he calls thee home ;  
Trust his love for all to come.

### HYMN 23. S. M.

- 1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear ;  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way  
To save rebellious man,  
And all the means that grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace guides my wandering feet  
To tread the heavenly road,  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown  
Through everlasting days ;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

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## V. THE CHURCH.

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### HYMN 24. S. M.

- 1 **L**IKE Noah's weary dove,  
That soared the earth around,  
But not a resting-place above  
The cheerless waters found,—
- 2 O cease, my wandering soul,  
On restless wing to roam ;  
All the wide world, to either pole,  
Has not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the Ark of God,  
Behold the open door ;  
Hasten to gain that dear abode,  
And rove, my soul, no more.



## HYMN 25.

- 4 There, safe, thou shalt abide ;  
    There, sweet shall be thy rest,  
    And every longing satisfied,  
    With full salvation blessed.
- 5 And, when the waves of ire  
    Again the earth shall fill,  
    The Ark shall ride the sea of fire—  
    Then rest on Zion's hill.

## HYMN 25. S. M.

- 1 **I** LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,  
    The house of thine abode,  
    The Church our blessed Redeemer saved  
    With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy Church, O God !  
    Her walls before thee stand,  
    Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
    And graven on thy hand.
- 3 If e'er, to bless thy sons,  
    My voice or hands deny,  
    These hands let useful skill forsake,  
    This voice in silence die.
- 4 If e'er my heart forget  
    Her welfare, or her wo,  
    Let every joy this heart forsake,  
    And every grief o'erflow.
- 5 For her my tears shall fall,  
    For her my prayers ascend ;  
    To her my cares and toils be given,  
    Till toils and cares shall end.
- 6 Beyond my highest joy  
    I prize her heavenly ways,  
    Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
    Her hymns of love and praise.
- 7 Jesus, thou Friend divine,  
    Our Saviour and our King,  
    Thy hand from every snare and foe  
    Shall great deliverance bring.
- 8 Sure as thy truth shall last,  
    To Zion shall be given  
    The brightest glories earth can yield,  
    And brighter bliss of heaven.

## HYMN 26. C. M.

Hebrews, xii. 18, 22—24.

- 1 **N**OT to the terrors of the Lord,  
The tempest, fire and smoke ;  
Not to the thunder of that word  
Which God on Sinai spoke ;—
- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,  
The city of our God,  
Where milder words declare his will,  
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold the innumerable host  
Of angels clothed in light !  
Behold the spirits of the just,  
Whose faith is changed to sight !
- 4 Behold the blessed assembly there,  
Whose names are writ in heaven !  
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare  
Their sins, through Christ, forgiven !
- 5 Angels, and living saints and dead,  
But one communion make ;  
All join in Christ, their vital Head,  
And of his love partake.

## HYMN 27. S. M.

- 1 **B**LESSED is the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love :  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour united prayers ;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear ;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we at death must part,  
How keen, how deep the pain !  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.



## HYMN 28, 29.

- 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Throughout eternity.

### HYMN 28. II. 1.

Psalm cxxii.

#### *The Church in Glory.*

- 1 **W**ITH joy shall I behold the day,  
That calls my willing soul away,  
To dwell among the blessed;  
For, lo! my great Redeemer's power  
Unfolds the everlasting door,  
And points me to his rest.
- 2 Even now, to my expecting eyes,  
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;  
Their glory I survey;  
I view her mansions, that contain  
The angel host, a beauteous train,  
And shine with cloudless day.
- 3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,  
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,  
Borne on immortal wing;  
There, crowned with everlasting joy,  
In ceaseless hymns their tongues employ  
Before the Almighty King.
- 4 The King a seat hath there prepared,  
High on eternal base upreared,  
For his eternal Son;  
His palaces with joy abound;  
His saints, by him with glory crowned,  
Attend, and share his throne.
- 5 Mother of cities, o'er thy head  
Bright peace, with healing wings outspread,  
For evermore shall dwell:  
Let me, blessed seat, my name behold  
Among thy citizens enrolled,  
And bid the world farewell.

### HYMN 29. L. M.

Isaiah lii. 1, 2.

- 1 **T**RIPHANT Zion, lift thy head  
From dust, and darkness, and the dead:

## HYMN 30.

- Though humbled long, awake, at length,  
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,  
And let thy excellence be known :  
Decked in the robes of righteousness,  
The world thy glories shall confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,  
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread ;  
No more shall hell's insulting host  
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,  
His hand thy ruins shall repair :  
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease  
To guard thee in eternal peace.

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## VI. FESTIVALS AND FASTS.

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### THE LORD'S DAY.

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#### HYMN 30. II. 4.

- 1 **A** WAKE ! ye saints, awake !  
And hail this sacred day ;  
In loftiest songs of praise  
Your joyful homage pay :  
Welcome the day that God hath blessed,  
The type of heaven's eternal rest.
- 2 On this auspicious morn  
The Lord of life arose ;  
He burst the bars of death,  
And vanquished all our foes :  
And now he pleads our cause above,  
And reaps the fruits of all his love.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord !  
Heaven with hosannas rings,  
And earth, in humbler strains,  
Thy praise responsive sings :  
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign.
- 4 Great King, gird on thy sword,  
Ascend thy conquering car,



## HYMN 31, 32.

While justice, truth, and love,  
Maintain thy glorious war :  
This day let sinners own thy sway,  
And rebels cast their arms away.

### HYMN 31. C. M.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made :  
Let young and old rejoice :  
To him be vows and homage paid,  
Whose service is our choice.
- 2 This is the temple of the Lord :  
How dreadful is this place !  
With meekness let us hear his word,  
With reverence seek his face.
- 3 This is the homage he requires—  
The voice of praise and prayer,  
The soul's affections, hopes, desires,  
Ourselves and all we are.
- 4 While rich and poor for mercy call,  
Propitious from the skies,  
The Lord, the Maker of them all,  
Accepts the sacrifice.
- 5 Well pleased, through Jesus Christ his Son,  
From sin he grants release ;  
According to their faith 'tis done ;  
He bids them go in peace.

### HYMN 32. S. M.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise ;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near  
To feast his saints to-day ;  
Here may we sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day, amidst the place  
Where Jesus is within,  
Is better than ten thousand days  
Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,

## HYMN 33, 34.

Till it is called to soar away  
To everlasting bliss.

### HYMN 33. *L. M.*

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done,  
Another Lord's day has begun :  
Return, my soul ; enjoy thy rest ;  
Improve the hours thy God hath blessed.
- 2 This day may our devotions rise,  
As grateful incense, to the skies ;  
And Heaven that sweet repose bestow,  
Which none, but they who feel it, know.
- 3 This peaceful calm within the breast  
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,  
Which for the Church of God remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties, let the day,  
In holy pleasures, pass away :  
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

### HYMN 34. *II. 3.*

- 1 **G**REAT GOD, this sacred day of thine  
Demands the soul's collected powers ;  
Gladly we now to thee resign  
These solemn, consecrated hours :  
O ! may our souls, adoring, own  
The grace that calls us to thy throne !
- 2 All-seeing God, thy piercing eye  
Can every secret thought explore ;  
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,  
And where thou art intrude no more :  
O ! may thy grace our spirits move,  
And fix our minds on things above !
- 3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,  
And bid thy word, with life divine,  
Engage the ear, and warm the heart ;  
Then shall the day, indeed, be thine ;  
Then shall our souls, adoring, own  
The grace that calls us to thy throne.



HYMN 35. II. 4.

- 1 **I**N loud, exalted strains,  
The King of glory praise ;  
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,  
Through everlasting days ;  
But Zion, with his presence blessed,  
Is his delight, his chosen rest.
- 2 O King of glory, come,  
And with thy favour crown  
This temple as thy home,  
This people as thy own :  
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show  
How God can dwell with men below.
- 3 Now let thine ear attend  
Our supplicating cries ;  
Now let our praise ascend,  
Accepted, to the skies ;  
Now let thy gospel's joyful sound  
Spread its celestial influence round.
- 4 Here may the listening throng  
Imbibe thy truth and love ;  
Here Christians join the song  
Of seraphim above ;  
Till all, who humbly seek thy face,  
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

HYMN 36. L. M.

- 1 **F**AR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone ;  
Let my religious hours alone :  
From flesh and sense I would be free,  
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
And kindles with a pure desire,  
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,  
And feel thine influence from above.
- 3 When I can say that God is mine,  
When I can see thy glories shine,  
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,  
And all that men call rich and great.
- 4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,  
To cheer me in this barren land ;

## HYMN 37, 38.

And in thy temple let me know  
The joys that from thy presence flow.

### HYMN 37. *L. M.*

- 1 **M**Y opening eyes with rapture see  
The dawn of thy returning day;  
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,  
While thus my early vows I pay.
- 2 I yield my heart to thee alone,  
Nor would receive another guest;  
Eternal King, erect thy throne,  
And reign sole Monarch in my breast.
- 3 O! bid this trifling world retire,  
And drive each carnal thought away;  
Nor let me feel one vain desire,  
One sinful thought, through all the day.
- 4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,  
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,  
The wonders of thy love declare,  
And join the strains which angels sing.

### HYMN 38. *III. 1.*

- 1 **T**O thy temple I repair;  
Lord, I love to worship there;  
While thy glorious praise is sung,  
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.
- 2 While the prayers of saints ascend,  
God of love, to mine attend;  
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 3 While I hearken to thy law,  
Fill my soul with humble awe,  
Till thy gospel bring to me  
Life and immortality.
- 4 While thy ministers proclaim  
Peace and pardon in thy name,  
Through their voice, by faith, may I  
Hear thee speaking from on high.
- 5 From thy house when I return,  
May my heart within me burn;  
And, at evening, let me say,  
"I have walked with God to-day."



HYMN 39. *L. M.*

*After Sermon.*

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY FATHER, bless the word,  
Which, through thy grace, we now have heard :  
O ! may the precious seed take root,  
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit !
- 2 We praise thee for the means of grace,  
Thus in thy courts to seek thy face :  
Grant, Lord, that we, who worship here,  
May all, at length, in heaven appear.

HYMN 40. *III. 5.*

- 1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
Let us, each, thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace :  
O refresh us,  
Travelling through this wilderness !
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For the gospel's joyful sound ;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound :  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found !

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**A D V E N T .**

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HYMN 41. *C. M.*

- 1 **H**ARK ! the glad sound—the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long !  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,  
Exerts his sacred fire ;  
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,  
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held ;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

HYMN 42, 43.

- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eyes oppressed with night  
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And with the treasures of his grace  
To enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 42. *III. 3.*

- 1 **H**AIL ! thou long-expected Jesus,  
Born to set thy people free !  
From our sins and fears release us,  
Let us find our rest in thee.
- 2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,  
Hope of all the saints, thou art ;  
Long-desired of every nation,  
Joy of every waiting heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver,  
Born a child, yet God our King,  
Born to reign in us for ever,  
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal Spirit  
Rule in all our hearts alone ;  
By thine all-sufficient merit  
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

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**CHRISTMAS.**

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HYMN 43. *C. M.*

Luke, ii. 8—15.

- 1 **W**HILE shepherds watched their flocks by  
night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.



## HYMN 44.

- 2 "Fear not," said he—for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind ;—  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
"To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day,  
"Is born, of David's line,  
"The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord  
"And this shall be the sign :—
- 4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find,  
"To human view displayed,  
"All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
"And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, who thus  
Addressed their joyful song :—
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
"And to the earth be peace ;  
"Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men,  
"Begin and never cease."

## HYMN 44. C. M.

- 1 **W**HILE angels thus, O Lord, rejoice,  
Shall men no anthem raise ?  
O ! may we lose these useless tongues,  
When we forget to praise !
- 2 Then let us swell responsive notes,  
And join the heavenly throng ;  
For angels no such love have known  
As we, to wake their song.
- 3 Good-will to sinful dust is shown,  
And peace on earth is given ;  
For, lo ! the incarnate Saviour comes,  
With news of joy from heaven !
- 4 Mercy and truth, with sweet accord,  
His rising beams adorn ;  
Let heaven and earth in concert sing,  
"The promised child is born !"
- 5 Glory to God, in highest strains,  
By highest worlds is paid ;  
Be glory, then, by us proclaimed,  
And by our lives displayed,—

HYMN 45, 46.

- 6 Till we attain those blissful realms,  
Where now our Saviour reigns,  
To rival these celestial choirs  
In their immortal strains !

HYMN 45. III. 1.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King,  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled !
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise ;  
Join the triumphs of the skies ;  
With the angelic hosts proclaim  
Christ is born in Bethlehem !
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
Late in time behold him come,  
Offspring of the virgin's womb !
- 4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see !  
Hail the incarnate Deity,  
Pleased, as man, with man to dwell,  
Jesus, now Emanuel !
- 5 Risen with healing in his wings,  
Light and life to all he brings ;  
Hail the Sun of righteousness !  
Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace !

HYMN 46.

*Chorus.* Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

- 1 **Z**ION, the marvellous story be telling,  
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth !  
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,  
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.

*Chorus.* Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

- 2 Tell how he cometh ; from nation to nation,  
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round ;  
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,  
How his people with joy everlasting are crowned.

*Chorus.* Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.



HYMN 47, 48.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,  
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise ;  
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing,  
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies,

*Chorus.* Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

HYMN 47. C. M.

Isaiah, ix. 2—7.

- 1 **T**HE race, that long in darkness pined,  
Have seen a glorious light ;  
The people now behold the dawn,  
Who dwelt in death and night.
- 2 To hail thy rising, Sun of life,  
The gathering nations come,  
Joyous as when the reapers bear  
Their harvest treasures home.
- 3 For thou our burden hast removed ;  
The oppressor's reign is broke ;  
Thy fiery conflict with the foe  
Has burst his cruel yoke.
- 4 To us the promised Child is born ;  
To us the Son is given ;  
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
And all the hosts of heaven.
- 5 His name shall be the Prince of peace,  
For evermore adored,—  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
The mighty God and Lord.
- 6 His power, increasing still, shall spread ;  
His reign no end shall know ;  
Justice shall guard his throne above,  
And peace abound below.

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**END OF THE YEAR.**

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HYMN 48. C. M.

- 1 **T**IME hastens on ; ye longing saints,  
Now raise your voices high,  
And magnify that sovereign love  
Which shows salvation nigh.

HYMN 49, 50.

- 2 As time departs, salvation comes ;  
Each moment brings it near ;  
Then welcome each declining day,  
Welcome each closing year.
- 3 Not many years their course shall run,  
Not many mornings rise,  
Ere all its glories stand revealed  
To our transported eyes.

HYMN 49. *C. M.*

St. Luke, xiii. 6—9.

- 1 **S**EE, in the vineyard of the Lord,  
A barren fig-tree stands ;  
No fruit it yields, no blossom bears,  
Though planted by his hands.
- 2 From year to year the tree he views,  
And still no fruit is found ;  
Then, “Cut it down,” the Lord commands ;  
“Why cumberst it the ground ?”
- 3 But, lo ! the gracious Saviour pleads—  
“The barren fig-tree spare ;  
“Another year, in mercy, wait ;  
“It yet may bloom and bear :—
- 4 “But, if my culture prove in vain,  
“And still no fruit be found,  
“I plead no more ; destroy the tree,  
“And root it from thy ground.”

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**NEW YEAR.**

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HYMN 50. *L. M.*

- 1 **T**HE God of life, whose constant care  
With blessings crowns each opening year,  
My scanty span doth still prolong,  
And wakes anew mine annual song.
- 2 How many precious souls are fled  
To the vast regions of the dead,  
Since to this day the changing sun  
Through his last yearly period run !
- 3 We yet survive ; but who can say,  
“Or through this year, or month, or day,



## HYMN 51.

- “ I shall retain this vital breath,  
“ Thus far, at least, in league with death ?”
- 4 That breath is thine, eternal God ;  
’Tis thine to fix my soul’s abode ;  
It holds its life from thee alone,  
On earth, or in the world unknown.
- 5 To thee our spirits we resign ;  
Make them and own them still as thine ;  
So shall they live secure from fear,  
Though death should blast the rising year.
- 6 Thy children, panting to be gone,  
May bid the tide of time roll on,  
To land them on that happy shore,  
Where years and death are known no more.
- 7 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach that place ;  
No groans, to mingle with the songs  
Resounding from immortal tongues ;—
- 8 No more alarms from ghostly foes ;  
No cares to break the long repose ;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 9 O ! long-expected year, begin ;  
Dawn on this world of wo and sin ;  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
To sleep in death, and rest with God.

## HYMN 51. C. M.

- 1 **A**S o’er the past my memory strays,  
Why heaves the secret sigh ?  
’Tis that I mourn departed days,  
Still unprepared to die.
- 2 The world and worldly things, beloved,  
My anxious thoughts employed ;  
And time, unhallowed, unimproved,  
Presents a fearful void.
- 3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair  
Chase from my labouring breast ;  
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer ;  
That grace can do the rest.
- 4 My life’s brief remnant all be thine ;  
And, when thy sure decree

## HYMN 52, 53.

Bids me this fleeting breath resign,  
O! speed my soul to thee.

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### EPIPHANY.

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## HYMN 52. S. M.

Isaiah, lii. 7—10.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet,  
Who stand on Zion's hill,  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice!  
How sweet their tidings are!  
“Zion, behold thy Saviour-King!  
“He reigns and triumphs here.”
- 3 How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light!  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm  
Through all the earth abroad:  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

## HYMN 53. II. 5.

Isaiah, lx. &c.

- 1 **R**ISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!  
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes!  
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,  
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn!  
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,



## HYMN 54.

In crowding ranks, on every side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !

- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend !  
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,  
While every land its joyous tribute brings !
- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;  
But, fixed, his word, his saving power remains—  
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns !

## HYMN 54. II. 6.

Psalm lxxii.

- 1 **H**AIL to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son !  
Hail ! in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun.  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes, with succour speedy,  
To those who suffer wrong ;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong ;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in his sight.
- 3 He shall descend like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And love and joy, like flowers,  
Spring in his path to birth :  
Before him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace, the herald, go ;  
And ' righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.
- 4 To him shall prayer unceasing,  
And daily vows, ascend ;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end :  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove ;

HYMN 55, 56.

His name shall stand for ever ;  
That name to us is Love.

HYMN 55. *C. M.*

Isaiah, ii. 2—5.

- 1 **O**'ER mountain tops the mount of God,  
In latter days, shall rise,  
Above the summits of the hills,  
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues, shall flow ;  
Up to the mount of God, they'll say,  
And to his house, we'll go.
- 3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill  
Shall lighten every land ;  
The King who reigns in Salem's towers  
Shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge ;  
His judgments truth shall guide ;  
His sceptre shall protect the just,  
And crush the sinner's pride.
- 5 For peaceful implements shall men  
Exchange their swords and spears ;  
Nor shall they study war again  
Throughout those happy years.
- 6 Come, O ye house of Jacob, come  
To worship at his shrine ;  
And, walking in the light of God,  
With holy graces shine.

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**LENT.**

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HYMN 56. *III. 1.*

Litany.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, when, in dust, to thee  
Low we bow the adoring knee ;  
When, repentant, to the skies,  
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes ;  
O ! by all thy pains and wo,  
Suffered once for man below,



## HYMN 57.

Bending from thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn litany.

- 2 By thy birth and early years,  
By thy human griefs and fears,  
By thy fasting and distress  
In the lonely wilderness,  
By thy victory in the hour  
Of the subtle tempter's power,—  
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;  
Hear our solemn litany.
- 3 By thine hour of dark despair,  
By thine agony of prayer,  
By the purple robe of scorn,  
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,  
By thy cross, thy pangs and cries,  
By thy perfect sacrifice,—  
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;  
Hear our solemn litany.
- 4 By thy deep, expiring groan,  
By the sealed sepulchral stone,  
By thy triumph o'er the grave,  
By thy power from death to save,—  
Mighty God, ascended Lord,  
To thy throne in heaven restored,  
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,  
Hear our solemn litany.

## HYMN 57. *L. M.*

- 1 **M**Y God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee :  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And all my purest joys forego ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;  
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence :  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.

HYMN 58. C. M.

- 1 **A**LAS ! what hourly dangers rise !  
What snares beset my way !  
To heaven, O ! let me lift mine eyes,  
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,  
And melt in flowing tears !  
My weak resistance, ah ! how vain !  
How strong my foes and fears !
- 3 O ! gracious God, in whom I live,  
My feeble efforts aid ;  
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,  
Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,  
When foes and fears prevail ;  
And bear my fainting spirit up,  
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,  
Or lure my feet aside,  
My God, thy powerful aid impart,  
My Guardian and my Guide.
- 6 O ! keep me in thy heavenly way,  
And bid the tempter flee ;  
And let me never, never stray  
From happiness and thee.

HYMN 59. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW oft, alas ! this wretched heart  
Has wandered from the Lord !  
How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
Forgetful of his word !
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, " Return :"  
Dear Lord, and may I come ?  
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;  
O ! take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,  
And bid my crimes remove ?  
And shall a pardoned rebel live  
To speak thy wondrous love ?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,  
How glorious, how divine,



## HYMN 60, 61.

That can to life and bliss restore  
So vile a heart as mine !

- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,  
Dear Saviour, I adore ;  
O ! keep me at thy sacred feet,  
And let me rove no more.

## HYMN 60. L. M.

- 1 **O** THOU, to whose all-searching sight  
The darkness shineth as the light,  
Search, prove my heart ; it looks to thee ;  
O ! burst its bonds, and set it free.
- 2 Wash out its stains, remove its dross,  
Bind my affections to the cross ;  
Hallow each thought ; let all within  
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way ;  
No foes, no violence, I fear,  
No harm, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,  
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee ;  
O ! let thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to thy holy hill.

*See Hymns on Repentance.*

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## PASSION WEEK, AND GOOD FRIDAY.

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## HYMN 61. III. 4.

Isaiah, lxiii. 1—4.

- 1 **W**HO is this that comes from Edom,  
All his raiment stained with blood,  
To the captive speaking freedom,  
Bringing and bestowing good ;  
Glorious in the garb he wears,  
Glorious in the spoil he bears ?

## HYMN 62, 63.

- 2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,  
Travelling onward in his might ;  
'Tis the Saviour; O! how glorious,  
To his people, is the sight !  
Satan conquered, and the grave,  
Jesus now is strong to save.
- 3 Why that blood his raiment staining ?  
'Tis the blood of many slain ;  
Of his foes there's none remaining,  
None, the contest to maintain :  
Fallen they are, no more to rise ;  
All their glory prostrate lies.
- 4 Mighty Victor, reign for ever ;  
Wear the crown so dearly won ;  
Never shall thy people, never,  
Cease to sing what thou hast done ;  
Thou hast fought thy people's foes ;  
Thou hast healed thy people's woes.

## HYMN 62. *L. M.*

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the cross of Christ, my God :  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to thy blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?  
Or thorns compose a Saviour's crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a tribute far too small ;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

## HYMN 63. *C. M.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind  
Nailed to the shameful tree !  
How vast the love that him inclined  
To bleed and die for me !



HYMN 64, 65.

- 2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend ;  
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid ;  
"Receive my soul !" he cries ;  
See where he bows his sacred head !  
He bows his head, and dies !
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,  
And in full glory shine ;  
O ! Lamb of God, was ever pain,  
Was ever love, like thine !

HYMN 64. C. M.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, hanging on the tree,  
In agonies and blood,  
Methought, once turned his eyes on me,  
As near his cross I stood.
- 2 Sure, never, till my latest breath,  
Can I forget that look ;  
It seemed to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.
- 3 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,  
And plunged me in despair ;  
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
And helped to nail him there.
- 4 Alas ! I knew not what I did ;  
But now my tears are vain ;  
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?  
For I the Lord have slain.
- 5 A second look he gave, which said,  
"I freely all forgive :  
"This blood is for thy ransom paid ;  
"I die that thou may'st live."
- 6 Thus, while his death my sin displays  
In all its blackest hue,  
(Such is the mystery of grace,)  
It seals my pardon too.

HYMN 65. C. M.

- 1 **F**ROM whence these direful omens round,  
Which heaven and earth amaze ?

## HYMN 66.

Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground?  
Why hides the sun his rays?

2 Well may the earth, astonished, shake,  
And nature sympathize,  
The sun as darkest night be black;  
Their Maker, Jesus, dies!

3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,  
His all-atoning blood!  
Is this the Infinite? 'tis he,  
My Saviour and my God!

4 For me these pangs his soul assail,  
For me this death is borne;  
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,  
And pointed every thorn.

5 Let sin no more my soul enslave;  
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain;  
O! save me, whom thou cam'st to save,  
Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

## HYMN 66. *L. M.*

St. John, xix. 30.

1 'TIS finished—so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bowed his head, and died:  
'Tis finished—yes, the work is done,  
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished—all that heaven decreed,  
And all the ancient prophets said,  
Is now fulfilled, as long designed,  
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finished—Aaron now no more  
Must stain his robes with purple gore;  
The sacred veil is rent in twain,  
And Jewish rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finished—this, my dying groan,  
Shall sins of every kind atone;  
Millions shall be redeemed from death,  
By this, my last, expiring breath.

5 'Tis finished—Heaven is reconciled,  
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:  
Peace, love, and happiness, again  
Return and dwell with sinful men.



HYMN 67, 68.

- 6 'Tis finished—let the joyful sound  
Be heard through all the nations round :  
'Tis finished—let the echo fly  
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky

HYMN 67. *L. M.*

*For the Jews.*

- 1 **H**IGH on the bending willows hung,  
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string ?  
Still mute remains the sullen tongue,  
And Zion's song denies to sing ?
- 2 Awake ! thy loudest raptures raise ;  
Let harp and voice unite their strains ;  
Thy promised King his sceptre sways ;  
Behold, thy own Messiah reigns.
- 3 By foreign streams no longer roam,  
And, weeping, think on Jordan's flood ;  
In every clime behold a home,  
In every temple see thy God.
- 4 No taunting foes the song require ;  
No strangers mock thy captive chain ;  
Thy friends provoke the silent lyre,  
And brethren ask the holy strain.
- 5 Then why, on bending willows hung,  
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string ?  
Why mute remains the sullen tongue,  
And Zion's song delays to sing ?

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**E A S T E R .**

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HYMN 68. *C. M.*

1 Cor. v. 8. Rom. vi. 9, 10, 11.

- 1 **S**INCE Christ, our Passover, is slain,  
A Sacrifice for all,  
Let all, with thankful hearts, agree  
To keep the festival :—
- 2 Not with the leaven, as of old,  
Of sin and malice fed ;  
But with unfeigned sincerity,  
And truth's unleavened bread.

HYMN 69, 70.

- 3 Christ, being raised by power divine,  
And rescued from the grave,  
Shall die no more ; death shall on him  
No more dominion have.
- 4 For that he died, 'twas for our sins  
He once vouchsafed to die ;  
But that he lives, he lives to God  
For all eternity.
- 5 So count youerslves as dead to sin,  
But graciously restored,  
And made, henceforth, alive to God,  
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

HYMN 69. *III.* 1.

- 1 **C**HRIST the Lord is risen to-day,  
Sons of men and angels say :  
Raise your joys and triumphs high ;  
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the victory won ;  
Jesus' agony is o'er ;  
Darkness veils the earth no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;  
Christ has burst the gates of hell ;  
Death in vain forbids him rise ;  
Christ hath opened paradise.
- 4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
Following our exalted Head ;  
Made like him, like him we rise—  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

HYMN 70. *L. M.*

Col. iii. 1, 2.

- 1 **Y**E faithful souls, who Jesus know,  
If risen indeed with him ye are,  
Superior to the joys below,  
His resurrection's power declare :—
- 2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,  
By actions show your sins forgiven,  
And seek the glorious things above,  
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.
- 3 There your exalted Saviour see,  
Seated at God's right hand again,



## HYMN 71, 72.

In all his Father's majesty,  
In everlasting power to reign.

- 4 To him continually aspire,  
Contending for your destined place,  
And emulate the angel choir,  
And only live to love and praise.

### HYMN 71. C. M.

1 Cor. xv. 20, 21, 22. Col. iii. 1.

- 1 **C**HRIST from the dead is raised, and made  
The First Fruits of the tomb;  
For, as by man came death, by man  
Did resurrection come.
- 2 For, as in Adam all mankind  
Did guilt and death derive;  
So, by the righteousness of Christ,  
Shall all be made alive.
- 3 If, then, ye risen are with Christ,  
Seek only how to get  
The things which are above, where Christ  
At God's right hand is set.

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### ASCENSION.

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### HYMN 72. L. M.

- 1 **H**E dies! the Friend of sinners dies!  
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!  
A solemn darkness veils the skies!  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
- 2 Ye saints, approach; the anguish view  
Of him who groans beneath your load;  
He gives his precious life for you;  
For you he sheds his precious blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree:  
The Lord of glory dies for men!  
But, lo! what sudden joys we see!  
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;  
Up to his Father's court he flies;  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies.

## HYMN 73, 74.

- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high our great Deliverer reigns ;  
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,  
And led the tyrant Death in chains.
- 6 Say, " Live for ever, glorious King,  
" Born to redeem, instruct, and save !"  
Then ask—" O death, where is thy sting ?  
" And where thy victory, O grave ?"

### HYMN 73. *L. M.*

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,  
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;  
The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay—  
" Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;  
" Ye everlasting doors, give way."
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the radiant scene ;  
He claims those mansions as his right ;  
Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 " Who is the King of glory ? who ?"  
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame,  
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;  
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay—  
" Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;  
" Ye everlasting doors, give way."
- 6 " Who is the King of glory ? who ?"  
The Lord, of boundless power possessed,  
The King of saints and angels too,  
God over all, for ever blessed !

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### WHITSUNDAY.

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### HYMN 74. *C. M.*

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,  
Inspire these souls of thine ;



## HYMN 75.

Till every heart which thou hast made  
Be filled with grace divine.

2 Thou art the Comforter, the Gift  
Of God, and Fire of love ;  
The everlasting Spring of joy,  
And Uncction from above.

3 Thy gifts are manifold ; thou writ'st  
God's law in each true heart ;  
The Promise of the Father, thou  
Dost heavenly speech impart.

4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they  
Thy sacred love embrace ;  
Assist our minds, by nature frail,  
With thy celestial grace.

5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,  
And give us peace within,  
That, by thy guidance blessed, we may  
Escape the snares of sin.

6 Teach us the Father to confess,  
And Son, from death revived,  
And thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,  
Who art from both derived.

## HYMN 75. C. M.

1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers ;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys ;  
Our souls, how heavily they go,  
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,  
In vain we strive to rise ;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers ;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 76. *C. M.*

- 1 **H**E'S come ! let every knee be bent,  
All hearts new joy resume ;  
Sing, ye redeemed, with one consent,  
"The Comforter is come."
- 2 What greater gift, what greater love,  
Could God on man bestow ?  
Angels for this rejoice above ;  
Let man rejoice below !
- 3 Hail, blessed Spirit ! may each soul  
Thy sacred influence feel ;  
Do thou each sinful thought control,  
And fix our wavering zeal.
- 4 Thou to the conscience dost convey  
Those checks which we should know ;  
Thy motions point to us the way ;  
Thou giv'st us strength to go.

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**TRINITY SUNDAY.**

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HYMN 77. *L. M.*

- 1 **O** HOLY, holy, holy Lord,  
Bright in thy deeds and in thy name,  
For ever be thy name adored ;  
Thy glories let the world proclaim.
- 2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified  
To take our load of sins away,  
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide  
Along the realms of upper day.
- 3 O Holy Spirit, from above,  
In streams of light and glory given,  
Thou Source of ecstasy and love,  
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.
- 4 O God triune, to thee we owe  
Our every thought, our every song ;  
And ever may thy praises flow  
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

HYMN 78. *L. M.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, whose love profound  
A ransom for our souls hath found,



## HYMN 79.

- Before thy throne we sinners bend ;  
To us thy pardoning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,  
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,  
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;  
To us thy saving grace extend :
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath  
The soul is raised from sin and death,  
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;  
To us thy quickening power extend.
- 4 Jehovah,—Father, Spirit, Son,—  
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,  
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;  
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

## HYMN 79. II. 4.

- 1 **W**E give immortal praise  
To God the Father's love,  
For all our comforts here,  
And all our hopes above :  
He sent his own  
Eternal Son,  
To die for sins  
That man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
Who saved us by his blood  
From everlasting wo :  
And now he lives,  
And now he reigns,  
And sees the fruit  
Of all his pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit, praise  
And endless worship give,  
Whose new-creating power  
Makes the dead sinner live :  
His work completes  
The great design,  
And fills the soul  
With joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God, to thee  
Be endless honours done ;

HYMN 80, 81.

The sacred Persons three,  
The Godhead only one :  
Where Reason fails,  
With all her powers,  
There Faith prevails,  
And Love adores.

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**FAST-DAY.**

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HYMN 80. *C. M.*

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY LORD, before thy throne  
Thy mourning people bend :  
'Tis on thy pardoning grace alone  
Our prostrate hopes depend.
- 2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,  
Thy dreadful power display ;  
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,  
And still we live to pray.
- 3 How changed, alas ! are truths divine,  
For error, guilt and shame !  
What impious numbers, bold in sin,  
Disgrace the Christian name !
- 4 O ! turn us, turn us, mighty Lord ;  
Convert us by thy grace :  
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,  
And see again thy face.
- 5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,  
We will not sink in fear ;  
Secure of all-sufficient aid,  
When God, our God, is near.

HYMN 81. *III. 3.*

- 1 **D**READ JEHOVAH, God of nations,  
From thy temple in the skies,  
Hear thy people's supplications ;  
Now for their deliverance rise.
- 2 Lo ! with deep contrition turning,  
Humbly at thy feet we bend ;  
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning ;  
Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,  
Long and loud for vengeance call,



## HYMN 82, 83.

Thou hast mercy more abounding;  
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

- 4 Let that love veil our transgression,  
Let that blood our guilt efface;  
Save thy people from oppression,  
Save from spoil thy holy place.

## HYMN 82. L. M.

### *Prayer and Hope of Victory.*

- 1 **N**OW may the God of grace and power  
Attend his people's humble cry,  
Defend them in the needful hour,  
And send deliverance from on high.
- 2 In his salvation is our hope,  
And in the name of Israel's God  
Our troops shall lift their banners up,  
Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 3 Some trust in horses trained for war,  
And some of chariots make their boasts;  
Our surest expectations are  
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.
- 4 Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear,  
And let our trust be firm and strong,  
Till thy salvation shall appear,  
And hymns of peace conclude our song.

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## THANKSGIVING-DAY.

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## HYMN 83. III. 2.

### PART I.

- 1 **P**RAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days:  
Bounteous Source of every joy,  
Let thy praise our tongues employ:  
All to thee, our God, we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow.
- 2 All the blessings of the fields,  
All the stores the garden yields,  
Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

## HYMN 84.

- 3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,  
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,  
All the plenty summer pours,  
Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores ;  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 4 Peace, prosperity, and health,  
Private bliss and public wealth,  
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,  
Pure religion's holier beams ;  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

### PART II.

- 5 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem the ripening ear ;  
Though the sickening flock should fall,  
And the herd desert the stall ;  
Still to thee our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 6 Should thine altered hand restrain  
The early and the latter rain,  
Blast each opening bud of joy,  
And the rising year destroy ;  
Still to thee our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 7 Life and grace, whate'er our wo,  
Still to thee, our God, we owe ;  
Though of earthly hopes bereft,  
Yet our hope of heaven is left ;  
And for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

## HYMN 84. C. M.

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,  
How rich thy bounties are !  
The rolling seasons, as they move,  
Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth  
The sower hid the grain,  
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,  
And sent the early rain.



## HYMN 85.

- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine ;  
The plants in beauty grew ;  
Thou gav'st the summer's suns to shine,  
The mild, refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above  
Matured the swelling grain ;  
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,  
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway :  
Thy hand all nature hails ;  
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,  
Summer nor winter fails.

## HYMN 85. L. M.

*For public Mercies and Deliverances.*

- 1 **S**ALVATION doth to God belong ;  
His power and grace shall be our song ;  
From him alone all mercies flow ;  
His arm alone subdues the foe.
- 2 Then praise this God, who bows his ear  
Propitious to his people's prayer ;  
And, though deliverance he may stay,  
Yet answers still in his own day.
- 3 O! may this goodness lead our land,  
Still saved by thine Almighty hand,  
The tribute of its love to bring  
To thee, our Saviour and our king,—
- 4 Till every public temple raise  
A song of triumph to thy praise,  
And every peaceful, private home,  
To thee a temple shall become.
- 5 Still be it our supreme delight  
To walk as in thy glorious sight ;  
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,  
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

## VII. ORDINANCES AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

### BAPTISM.

#### HYMN 86. *III.* 3.

- 1 SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding,  
With the shepherd's kindest care,  
All the feeble gently leading,  
While the lambs thy bosom share,—
- 2 Now, *these* little *ones* receiving,  
Fold *them* in thy gracious arm;  
There, we know,—thy word believing,—  
Only there, secure from harm.
- 3 Never, from thy pasture roving,  
Let *them* be the lion's prey;  
Let thy tenderness, so loving,  
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way.
- 4 Then, within thy fold eternal,  
Let *them* find a resting place;  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

#### HYMN 87. *S. M.*

- 1 THE gentle Saviour calls  
Our children to his breast;  
He folds them in his gracious arms;  
Himself declares them blessed.
- 2 "Let them approach," he cries,  
"Nor scorn their humble claim;  
"The heirs of heaven are such as these;  
"For such as these I came."
- 3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,  
Devoting them to thee,  
Imploring, that, as we are thine,  
Thine may our offspring be.

#### HYMN 88. *S. M.*

##### *Of Adults.*

Ephesians, vi. 10—13.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on,



## HYMN 89, 90.

Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through his eternal Son.

- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in his mighty power,  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in his great might,  
With all his strength endued ;  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God ;—
- 4 That, having all things done,  
And all your conflicts passed,  
Ye may behold your victory won,  
And stand complete at last.

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### CONFIRMATION.

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#### HYMN 89. *L. M.*

- 1 **O** HAPPY day, that stays my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God !  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell thy goodness all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
To him who merits all my love !  
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
While to his sacred throne I move.
- 3 'Tis done ; the great transaction's done :  
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me thine ,  
Help me, through grace, to follow on,  
Glad to confess thy voice divine.
- 4 Here rest, my oft divided heart ;  
Fixed on thy God, thy Saviour, rest ;  
Who with the world would grieve to part,  
When called on angels' food to feast ?
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

#### HYMN 90. *C. M.*

- 1 **W**ITNESS, ye men and angels, now ;  
Before the Lord we speak ;

## HYMN 91, 92.

- To him we make our solemn vow,—  
A vow we dare not break,—
- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,  
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;  
Nor from his cause will we depart,  
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,  
But on his grace rely,  
That, with returning wants, the Lord  
Will all our need supply.
- 4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,  
And keep us in thy ways ;  
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,  
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

### HYMN 91. C. M.

- 1 **Y**OUTH, when devoted to the Lord,  
Is pleasing in his eyes ;  
A flower, though offered in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 2 'Tis easier far, if we begin  
To fear the Lord betimes ;  
For sinners who grow old in sin  
Are hardened by their crimes.
- 3 It saves us from a thousand snares,  
To mind religion young ;  
Grace will preserve our following years,  
And make our virtues strong.
- 4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee  
Our hearts we now resign :  
'Twill please us to look back and see  
That our whole lives were thine.

### HYMN 92. C. M.

- 1 **O**, IN the morn of life, when youth  
With vital ardour glows,  
And shines in all the fairest charms  
That beauty can disclose,—
- 2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers  
Are yet by vice enslaved,  
Be thy Creator's glorious name  
And character engraved ;—



## HYMN 93, 94.

- 3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud  
The sunshine of thy days,  
And cares and toils, in endless round,  
Encompass all thy ways ;—
- 4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,  
With vain regret, deplore,  
And sadly muse on former joys,  
That now return no more.
- 5 True wisdom, early sought and gained,  
In age will give thee rest :  
O, then, improve the morn of life,  
To make its evening blessed !
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### THE LORD'S SUPPER.

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#### HYMN 93. C. M.

Rev. v. 12, 9, &c.

- 1 **T**HOU, God, all glory, honour, power,  
Art worthy to receive ;  
Since all things by thy power were made,  
And by thy bounty live.
- 2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,  
Honour and wealth to gain,  
Glory and strength ; who, for our sins,  
A sacrifice was slain !
- 3 All worthy thou, who hast redeemed,  
And ransomed us to God,  
From every nation, every coast,  
By thy most precious blood.
- 4 Blessing and honour, glory, power,  
By all in earth and heaven,  
To him that sits upon the throne,  
And to the Lamb, be given.

#### HYMN 94. L. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, and is thy table spread ?  
And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?  
Thither be all thy children led,  
And let them thy sweet mercies know.
- 2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes !  
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood !

## HYMN 95, 96.

- Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!
- 3 Why are its bounties, all in vain,  
Before unwilling hearts, displayed?  
Was not for you the victim slain?  
Are you forbid the children's bread?
- 4 O! let thy table honoured be,  
And furnished well with joyful guests;  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its holy pledges tastes.
- 5 Drawn by thy quickening grace, O Lord,  
In countless numbers, let them come,  
And gather, from their Father's board,  
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.
- 6 Nor let thy spreading gospel rest,  
Till through the world thy truth has run;  
Till, with this bread, all men be blessed,  
Who see the light, or feel the sun.

## HYMN 95. C. M.

- 1 **A**ND are we now brought near to God,  
Who once at distance stood?  
And, to effect this glorious change,  
Did Jesus shed his blood?
- 2 O! for a song of ardent praise,  
To bear our souls above!  
What should allay our lively hope,  
Or damp our flaming love?
- 3 Then let us join the heavenly choirs,  
To praise our heavenly King;  
O! may that love, which spread this board,  
Inspire us while we sing,—
- 4 “Glory to God in highest strains,  
“And to the earth be peace;  
“Good-will from heaven to men is come,  
“And let it never cease!”

## HYMN 96. L. M.

- 1 **T**O Jesus, our exalted Lord,  
That name, in heaven and earth adored,  
Fain would our hearts and voices raise  
A cheerful song of sacred praise.



## HYMN 97.

- 2 But all the notes, which mortals know,  
Are weak, and languishing, and low ;  
Far, far above our humble songs,  
The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 Yet, whilst around his board we meet,  
And worship at his sacred feet,  
O! let our warm affections move  
In glad returns of grateful love.
- 4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,  
But long to know and love thee more ;  
And, whilst we taste the bread and wine,  
Desire to feed on joys divine.
- 5 Let faith our feeble senses aid  
To see thy wondrous love displayed ;  
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,  
Thy dreadful, agonizing pains.
- 6 Let humble, penitential wo,  
With painful, pleasing anguish flow ;  
And thy forgiving love impart  
Life, hope, and joy, to every heart.

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## ORDINATION OR INSTITUTION OF MINISTERS.

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### HYMN 97. *L. M.*

St. Matt. x.

- 1 **G**O forth, ye heralds, in my name ;  
Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound ;  
The glorious jubilee proclaim,  
Where'er the human race is found.
- 2 The joyful news to all impart,  
And teach them where salvation lies ;  
With care bind up the broken heart,  
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
- 3 Be wise as serpents where you go,  
But harmless as the peaceful dove ;  
And let your Heaven-taught conduct show  
That ye're commissioned from above.
- 4 Freely from me ye have received,  
Freely, in love, to others give ;  
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,  
And, by your labours, sinners live.

## HYMN 98. L. M.

St. Mark, xvi. 15, &c., and St. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.

- 1 “ **G**O, preach my gospel,” saith the Lord ;  
“ Bid the whole earth my grace receive ;  
“ Explain to them my sacred word ;  
“ Bid them believe, obey, and live.
- 2 “ I’ll make my great commission known,  
“ And ye shall prove my gospel true,  
“ By all the works that I have done,  
“ And all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 “ Go, heal the sick, go, raise the dead,  
“ Go, cast out devils in my name ;  
“ Nor let my prophets be afraid,  
“ Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.
- 4 “ While thus ye follow my commands,  
“ I’m with you till the world shall end ;  
“ All power is trusted in my hands ;  
“ I can destroy, and can defend.”
- 5 He spake, and light shone round his head ;  
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode ;  
They to the farthest nations spread  
The grace of their ascended God.

## HYMN 99. L. M.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour, when to heaven he rose,  
In splendid triumph o’er his foes,  
Scattered his gifts on men below,  
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 2 Hence sprang the *apostle’s* honoured name,  
Sacred beyond heroic fame ;  
Hence dictates the *prophetic* sage,  
And hence the *evangelic* page.
- 3 In lower forms, to bless our eyes,  
*Pastors* from hence, and *teachers*, rise ;  
Who, though with feebler rays they shine,  
Still mark a long-extended line.
- 4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,  
And, fed by him, their graces live ;  
Whilst, guarded by his potent hand,  
Amidst the rage of hell they stand.



## HYMN 100, 101.

- 5 So shall the bright succession run  
Through all the courses of the sun ;  
Whilst unborn churches, by their care,  
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 6 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know  
The Spring whence all these blessings flow ;  
Pastors and people shout his praise,  
Through the long round of endless days.

### HYMN 100. *L. M.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,  
Attentive to our earnest prayer ;  
We plead for those who plead for thee ;  
Successful pleaders may they be !
- 2 How great their work ! how vast their charge :  
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge ;  
Their best acquirements are our gain ;  
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,  
Their words, and let those words be thine ;  
To them thy sacred truth reveal ;  
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed ;  
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;  
Teach them immortal souls to gain—  
Souls that will well reward their pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes, around,  
Hear from their lips the joyful sound ;  
In humble strains thy grace implore,  
And feel thy new-creating power.
- 6 Let sinners break their massy chains,  
Distressed souls forget their pains ;  
Let light through distant realms be spread,  
And Zion rear her drooping head.

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### CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

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### HYMN 101. *L. M.*

- 1 **A**ND wilt thou, O eternal God,  
On earth establish thine abode ?  
Then look propitious from thy throne,  
And take this temple for thine own.

## HYMN 102.

- 2 These walls we to thine honour raise,  
Long may they echo in thy praise ;  
And thou, descending, fill the place  
With the rich tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here may the great Redeemer reign,  
With all the graces of his train ;  
While power divine his word attends,  
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.
- 4 And, in the last, decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear,  
Thousands were born for glory here.

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## MISSIONS.

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## HYMN 102. *L. M.*

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown his head ;  
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms, of every tongue,  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;  
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains ;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blessed.
- 5 Where he displays his healing power,  
Death and the curse are known no more ;  
In him the tribes of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise, and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King ;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.



HYMN 103. *L. M.*

Psalm cxvii.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Jehovah's glorious name be sung,  
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
And truth eternal is thy word ;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN 104. *L. M.*

- 1 **O** SPIRIT of the living God,  
In all thy plenitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,  
To preach the reconciling word ;  
Give power and unction from above,  
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;  
Confusion, order, in thy path ;  
Souls without strength inspire with might ;  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Convert the nations ; far and nigh  
The triumphs of the cross record ;  
The name of Jesus glorify,  
Till every people call him Lord.

HYMN 105. *II. 1.*

*For Missions to the new Settlements in the United States.*

- 1 **W**HEN, Lord, to this our western land,  
Led by thy providential hand,  
Our wandering fathers came,  
Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,  
Sent forth the heralds of thy truth,  
To keep them in thy name.
- 2 Then, through our solitary coast,  
The desert features soon were lost ;  
Thy temples there arose ;

HYMN 106.

Our shores, as culture made them fair,  
Were hallowed by thy rites, by prayer,  
And blossomed as the rose.

- 3 And, O ! may we repay this debt  
To regions solitary yet  
Within our spreading land !  
There brethren, from our common home,  
Still westward, like our fathers, roam,  
Still guided by thy hand.
- 4 Saviour, we own this debt of love :  
O ! shed thy spirit from above,  
To move each Christian breast ;  
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,  
And temples rise to fix thy name,  
Through all our desert west.

HYMN 106. *C. M.*

Isaiah, xxxv. 2.

- 1 **O**N Zion, and on Lebanon,  
On Carmel's blooming height,  
On Sharon's fertile plains, once shone  
The glory, pure and bright.
- 2 From thence its mild and cheering ray  
Streamed forth from land to land ;  
And empires now behold its day,  
And still its beams expand.
- 3 Its brightest splendours, darting west,  
Our happy shores illumine ;  
Our farther regions, once unblessed,  
Now like a garden bloom.
- 4 But, ah ! our deserts, deep and wild,  
See not this heavenly light ;  
No sacred beams, no radiance mild,  
Dispel their dreary night.
- 5 *Thou*, who didst lighten Zion's hill,  
On Carmel who didst shine,  
Our deserts let thy glory fill,  
Thy excellence divine.
- 6 Like Lebanon, in towering pride,  
May all our forests smile ;  
And may our borders blossom wide,  
Like Sharon's fruitful soil !



HYMN 107. III. 6.

1 **F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand ;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile ?  
In vain, with lavish kindness,  
The gifts of God are strewn ;  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we, to men benighted,  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation, O ! salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole ;  
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb, for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

HYMN 108. L. M.

*For the Jews.*

1 **D**ISOWNED of Heaven, by man oppressed,  
Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground,  
Wherefore should Israel's sons, once blessed,  
Still roam the scorning world around ?

2 Lord, visit thy forsaken race ;  
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring ;

## HYMN 109, 110.

- Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,  
And hail in Christ their promised King.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,  
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light ;  
The severed olive-branch again  
Firm to its parent stock unite.
- 4 Hail, glorious day, expected long,  
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour,  
With eager feet one temple throng,  
With grateful praise one God adore!

## HYMN 109. IV. 1.

Rev. xv. 3, 4.

- 1 **H**OW wondrous and great  
Thy works, God of praise !  
How just, King of saints,  
And true, are thy ways !  
O ! who shall not fear thee,  
And honour thy name !  
Thou only art holy,  
Thou only supreme.
- 2 To nations long dark  
Thy light shall be shown ;  
Their worship and vows  
Shall come to thy throne :  
Thy truth and thy judgments  
Shall spread all abroad,  
Till earth's every people  
Confess thee their God.

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### FOR SUNDAY AND CHARITY SCHOOLS:

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## HYMN 110. II. 4.

CHILDREN AND CONGREGATION.

*Children.*

- 1 **C**OME, let our voices join,  
In one glad song of praise :  
To God, the God of love,  
Our grateful hearts we raise :

*Congregation.*

To God alone your praise belongs ;  
His love demands your earliest songs.



HYMN 111.

*Children.*

- 2 Now we are taught to read  
The Book of life divine,  
Where our Redeemer's love  
And brightest glories shine :

*Congregation.*

To God alone the praise is due,  
Who sends his word to us and you.

*Children.*

- 3 Within these hallowed walls  
Our wandering feet are brought,  
Where prayer and praise ascend,  
And heavenly truths are taught :

*Congregation.*

To God alone your offerings bring ;  
Here in his church his praises sing.

*Children.*

- 4 For blessings such as these,  
Our gratitude receive :  
Lord, here accept our hearts ;  
'Tis all that we can give :

*Congregation.*

Great God, accept their infant songs ;  
To thee alone their praise belongs.

*Both.*

- 5 Lord, bid this work of love  
Be crowned with meet success ;  
May thousands, yet unborn,  
This institution bless :  
Thus shall the praise resound to thee,  
Now, and through all eternity.

HYMN 111. III. 1.

- 1 **G**LORY to the Father give,  
God, in whom we move and live ;  
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,  
Children's songs delight his ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,  
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King ;  
Children, raise your sweetest strain  
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

HYMN 112, 113.

- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost ;  
He reclaims the sinner lost ;  
Children's minds may he inspire,  
Touch their tongues with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be  
To the blessed Trinity,  
For the gospel from above,  
For the word that " God is love."

HYMN 112. *C. M.*

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus left his heavenly throne,  
He chose an humble birth ;  
Like us, unhonoured and unknown,  
He came to dwell on earth.
- 2 Like him, may we be found, below,  
In wisdom's paths of peace ;  
Like him, in grace and knowledge grow,  
As years and strength increase.
- 3 Sweet were his words, and kind his look,  
When mothers round him pressed ;  
Their infants in his arms he took,  
And on his bosom blessed.
- 4 Safe from the world's alluring harms,  
Beneath his watchful eye,  
O! thus encircled in his arms,  
May we for ever lie !

HYMN 113. *L. M.*

- 1 **L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see  
A whole assembly worship thee :  
At once they sing, at once they pray ;  
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go :  
'Tis like a little heaven below :  
Not all that earth and sin can say  
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O! write upon my memory, Lord,  
The text and doctrine of thy word ;  
That I may break thy laws no more,  
But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,  
Fill up this sinful heart of mine ;



HYMN 114, 115.

That, hoping pardon through his blood,  
I may lie down, and wake with God.

HYMN 114. *C. M.*

- 1 **M**ERCY, descending from above,  
In softest accents pleads ;  
O ! may each tender bosom move,  
When mercy intercedes !
- 2 Children our kind protection claim,  
And God will well approve,  
When infants learn to lisp his name,  
And their Creator love.
- 3 Delightful work ! young souls to win,  
And turn the rising race  
From the deceitful paths of sin,  
To seek their Saviour's face.
- 4 Almighty God, thine influence shed  
To aid this blessed design ;  
The honour of thy name be spread,  
And all the glory thine.

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**CHARITABLE OCCASIONS.**

HYMN 115. *C. M.*

- 1 **B**LESSED is the man, whose softening heart  
Feels all another's pain ;  
To whom the supplicating eye  
Is never raised in vain ;—
- 2 Whose breast responds with generous warmth,  
A stranger's woe to feel ;  
Who weeps in pity o'er the wound  
He wants the power to heal.
- 3 To gentle offices of love  
His feet are never slow ;  
He views, through mercy's melting eye,  
A brother in a foe.
- 4 To him protection shall be shown ;  
And mercy, from above,  
Descend on those who thus fulfil  
The Christian law of love.

HYMN 116. C. M.

- 1 **R**ICH are the joys which cannot die,  
With God laid up in store ;  
Treasures beyond the changing sky,  
Brighter than golden ore.
- 2 The seeds which piety and love  
Have scattered here below,  
In the fair, fertile fields above,  
To ample harvests grow.
- 3 The mite my willing hands can give  
At Jesus' feet I lay ;  
Grace shall the humble gift receive,  
Abounding grace repay.

HYMN 117. III. 3.

- 1 **L**ORD of life, all praise excelling,  
Thou, in glory unconfined,  
Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling  
With the poor of humble mind.
  - 2 As thy love, through all creation,  
Beams like thy diffusive light ;  
So the high and humble station  
Both are equal in thy sight.
  - 3 Thus thy care, for all providing,  
Warmed thy faithful prophet's tongue,  
Who, the lot of all deciding,  
To thy chosen Israel sung :—
  - 4 When thy harvest yields thee pleasure,  
Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind ;  
To the poor belongs the treasure  
Of the scattered ears behind.
- Chorus.* These thy God ordains to bless  
The widow and the fatherless.
- 5 When thine olive-plants, increasing,  
Pour their plenty o'er thy plain,  
Grateful, thou shalt take the blessing,  
But not search the bough again.
- Chorus.* These, &c.
- 6 When thy favoured vintage, flowing,  
Gladdens thine autumnal scene.



HYMN 118, 119.

Own the bounteous hand bestowing ;  
But thy vines the poor shall glean.

*Chorus.* These, &c.

7 Still we read thy word declaring  
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree ;  
Mercy, every sorrow sharing,  
Warms the heart resembling thee.

8 Still the orphan and the stranger,  
Still the widow owns thy care,  
Screened by thee in every danger,  
Heard by thee in every prayer.

*Hallelujah. Amen.*

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TO BE USED AT SEA.

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HYMN 118. L. M.

- 1 **G**OD of the seas, thine awful voice  
Bids all the rolling waves rejoice ;  
And one soft word of thy command  
Can sink them silent on the sand.
- 2 The smallest fish that swims the seas,  
Sportful, to thee a tribute pays ;  
And largest monsters of the deep,  
At thy command, or rage or sleep.
- 3 Thus is thy glorious power adored  
Among the watery nations, Lord ;  
Yet men, who trace the dangerous waves,  
Forget the mighty God who saves !

HYMN 119. IV. 5.

*Matt. viii. 25.*

*“ Save, Lord, or we perish ! ”*

- 1 **W**HEN through the torn sail the wild tempest  
is streaming,  
When o’er the dark wave the red lightning is  
gleaming,  
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,  
We fly to our Maker : “ Save, Lord, or we perish ! ”  
O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,  
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,

## HYMN 120.

Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,  
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we  
perish!"

- 3 And, O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,  
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,  
Then send down thy Spirit thy ransomed to cherish,  
Rebuke the destroyer: "Save, Lord, or we perish!"

## HYMN 120. C. M.

*Which may be used at Sea or on Land.*

- 1 **L**ORD, for the just thou dost provide;  
Thou art their sure Defence:  
Eternal Wisdom is their Guide,  
Their help, Omnipotence.
- 2 Though they through foreign lands should roam,  
And breathe the tainted air  
In burning climates, far from home,  
Yet thou, their God, art there.
- 3 Thy goodness sweetens every soil,  
Makes every country please:  
Thou on the snowy hills dost smile,  
And smooth'st the rugged seas.
- 4 When waves on waves, to heaven upreared,  
Defied the pilot's art;  
When terror in each face appeared,  
And sorrow in each heart;—
- 5 To thee I raised my humble prayer,  
To snatch me from the grave:  
I found thine ear not slow to hear,  
Nor short thine arm to save.
- 6 Thou gav'st the word—the winds did cease,  
The storms obeyed thy will,  
The raging sea was hushed in peace,  
And every wave was still.
- 7 For this my life, in every state,  
A life of praise shall be;  
And death, when death shall be my fate,  
Shall join my soul to thee.



**FOR THE SICK.**

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HYMN 121. *L. M.*

- 1 **W**HEN dangers, woes, or death, are nigh,  
Passed mercies teach me where to fly :  
Thine arm, Almighty God, can aid,  
When sickness grieves, and pains invade.
- 2 To all the various helps of art  
Kindly thy healing power impart ;  
Bethesda's bath refused to save,  
Unless an angel blessed the wave.
- 3 All medicines act by thy decree,  
Receive commission all from thee ;  
And not a plant, which spreads the plains,  
But teems with health, when Heaven ordains.
- 4 Clay and Siloam's pool, we find,  
At Heaven's command, restored the blind ;  
And Jordan's waters hence were seen  
To wash a Syrian leper clean.
- 5 But grant me nobler favours still,  
Grant me to know and do thy will ;  
Purge my foul soul from every stain,  
And save me from eternal pain.
- 6 Can such a wretch for pardon sue ?  
My crimes, my crimes arise in view,  
Arrest my trembling tongue in prayer,  
And pour the horrors of despair.
- 7 But thou, regard my contrite sighs,  
My tortured breast, my streaming eyes ;  
To me thy boundless love extend,  
My God, my Father, and my Friend.
- 8 These lovely names I ne'er could plead,  
Had not thy Son vouchsafed to bleed ;  
His blood procures our fallen race  
Admittance to the throne of grace.
- 9 When sin has shot its poisoned dart,  
And conscious guilt corrodes the heart,  
His blood is all-sufficient found  
To draw the shaft, and heal the wound.
- 10 What arrows pierce so deep as sin ?  
What venom gives such pain within ?

## HYMN 122, 123.

Thou great Physician of the soul,  
Rebuke my pangs, and make me whole.

- 11 O! if I trust thy sovereign skill,  
And bow submissive to thy will,  
Sickness and death shall both agree  
To bring me, Lord, at last, to thee.

### HYMN 122. C. M.

*On Recovery from Sickness.*

- 1 **W**HEN we are raised from deep distress,  
Our God deserves our song ;  
We take the pattern of our praise  
From Hezekiah's tongue.
- 2 The gates of the devouring grave  
Are opened wide in vain,  
If he that holds the keys of death  
Command them fast again.
- 3 When he but speaks the healing word,  
Then no disease withstands ;  
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,  
And fly, as he commands.
- 4 If half the strings of life should break,  
He can our frame restore,  
And cast our sins behind his back,  
And they are found no more.
- 5 To him I cried, " Thy servant save,  
" Thou, ever good and just ;  
" Thy power can rescue from the grave,  
" Thy power is all my trust !"
- 6 He heard, and saved my soul from death,  
And dried my falling tears ;  
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,  
Through my remaining years.

### HYMN 123. L. M.

*On the same.*

- 1 **M**Y God, since thou hast raised me up,  
Thee I'll extol with thankful voice ;  
Restored by thine almighty power,  
With fear before thee I'll rejoice.
- 2 With troubles worn, with pain oppressed,  
To thee I cried, and thou didst save ;



## HYMN 124.

- Thou didst support my sinking hopes,  
My life didst rescue from the grave.
- 3 Wherefore, ye saints, rejoice with me,  
With me sing praises to the Lord ;  
Call all his goodness to your mind,  
And all his faithfulness record.
- 4 His anger is but short ; his love,  
Which is our life, hath certain stay,  
Grief may continue for a night,  
But joy returns with rising day.
- 5 Then, what I vowed in my distress,  
In happier hours, I now will give,  
And strive, that, in my grateful verse,  
His praises may for ever live.
- 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The blessed and undivided Three,  
The one sole Giver of all life,  
Glory and praise for ever be.
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## FUNERALS.

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### HYMN 124. *C. M.*

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heaven declares,  
To those in Christ who die :—  
“ Released from all their earthly cares,  
“ They’ll reign with him on high:”
- 2 Then why lament departed friends,  
Or shake at death’s alarms ?  
Death’s but the servant Jesus sends,  
To call us to his arms.
- 3 If sin be pardoned, we’re secure ;  
Death hath no sting beside ;  
The law gave sin its strength and power ;  
But Christ, our Ransom, died.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blessed,  
When in the grave he lay ;  
And, rising thence, their hopes he raised,  
To everlasting day.
- 5 Then, joyfully, while life we have,  
To Christ, our Life, we’ll sing,—

HYMN 125, 126.

“Where is thy victory, O grave?  
“And where, O death, thy sting?”

HYMN 125. *C. M.*

- 1 **W**HEN those we love are snatched away,  
By death's resistless hand,  
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,  
That friendship must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
With awful power impressed,  
May this dread truth, “I, too, must die,”  
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world allure no more,  
Behold the opening tomb;  
It bids us use the present hour;  
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this instructive scene  
May every heart obey;  
Nor be the faithful warning vain,  
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O! let us to that Saviour fly,  
Whose arm alone can save;  
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
And triumph o'er the grave.

HYMN 126. *C. M.*

*Death of a young Person.*

- 1 **H**OW short the race our friend has run,  
Cut down in all *his* bloom!  
The course, but yesterday begun,  
Now finished in the tomb!
- 2 Thou joyous youth, hence learn how soon  
Thy years may end their flight:  
Long, long before life's brilliant noon,  
May come death's gloomy night.
- 3 To serve thy God, no longer wait;  
To-day his voice regard;  
To-morrow, mercy's open gate  
May be for ever barred.
- 4 And thus the Lord reveals his grace,  
Thy youthful love to gain—



HYMN 127, 128.

The soul that early seeks my face  
Shall never seek in vain.

HYMN 127. *L. M.*

*Death of an Infant.*

- 1 **A**S the sweet flower, that scents the morn,  
But withers in the rising day,  
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,  
Thus swiftly fled its life away.
- 2 It died ere its expanding soul  
Had ever burned with wrong desires,  
Had ever spurned at heaven's control,  
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.
- 3 It died to sin, it died to cares,  
But for a moment felt the rod :—  
O ! mourner, such, the Lord declares,  
Such are the children of our God.

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VIII. INVITATION AND WARNING.

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HYMN 128. *III. 1.*

- 1 **S**INNERS, turn: why will ye die ?  
God, your Maker, asks you, why ?  
God, who did your being give,  
Made you with himself to live,  
He the fatal cause demands,  
Asks the work of his own hands :  
Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
Will ye cross his love, and die ?
- 2 Sinners, turn : why will ye die ?  
God, your Saviour, asks you, why ?  
He who did your souls retrieve,  
Died himself, that ye might live.  
Will you let him die in vain ?  
Crucify your Lord again ?  
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why  
Will ye slight his grace, and die ?
- 3 Sinners, turn : why will ye die ?  
God, the Spirit, asks you, why ?  
He who all your lives hath strove,  
Wooed you to embrace his love,

HYMN 129, 130, 131.

Will ye not his grace receive ?  
Will ye still refuse to live ?  
O ! ye dying sinners, why,  
Why will ye for ever die ?

HYMN 129. *III.* 1.

- 1 **H**ASTEN, sinner, to be wise ;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
Wisdom, if you still despise,  
Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore ;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
Lest thy season should be o'er,  
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return ;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,  
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blessed ;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
Lest perdition thee arrest,  
Ere the morrow is begun.

HYMN 130. *II.* 3.

- 1 **P**EACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan  
Hath taught each scene the note of wo ;  
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,  
And let thy tears forget to flow :  
Behold, the precious balm is found,  
To lull thy pain, and heal thy wound.
- 2 Come, freely come ; by sin oppressed,  
On Jesus cast thy weighty load ;  
In him thy Refuge find, thy Rest,  
Safe in the mercy of thy God :  
Thy God's thy Saviour ! glorious word !  
O ! hear, believe, and bless the Lord !

HYMN 131. *S. M.*

Rev. xxii. 17, 20.

- 1 **T**HE Spirit, in our hearts,  
Is whispering, Sinner, come ;



## HYMN 132.

The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims,  
To all his children, Come.

2 Let him that heareth say,  
To all about him, Come :  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness  
To Christ, the Fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,  
O ! let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life ;  
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo ! Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, I quickly come :  
Lord, even so ; I wait thy hour ;  
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

## HYMN 132. C. M.

1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your God  
With songs of sacred praise,  
For he is good, supremely good,  
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care ;  
In him we live and move ;  
But nobler benefits declare  
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,  
To ransom rebel worms ;  
'Tis here he makes his goodness known  
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come ;  
'Tis here our hope relies ;  
A safe defence, a peaceful home,  
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,  
The souls who trust in thee ;  
Their humble hope thou wilt reward  
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love,  
What honours shall we raise ?  
Not all the angelic songs above  
Can render equal praise.

## IX. CHRISTIAN DUTIES AND AFFECTIONS.

### PRAYER.

#### HYMN 133. C. M.

- 1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer ;  
There humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea ;  
With this I venture nigh ;  
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely pressed,  
By war without, and fear within,  
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my Shield and Hiding-place ;  
That, sheltered near thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him, "Thou hast died."
- 5 O ! wondrous love ! to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead thy gracious name.

#### HYMN 134. C. M.

- 1 **P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed ;  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear ;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.



## HYMN 135.

- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
The watch-word at the gates of death ;—  
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways ;  
While angels, in their songs, rejoice,  
And cry, " Behold, he prays !"
- 6 In prayer, on earth, the saints are one ;  
They're one in word and mind ;  
When, with the Father and the Son,  
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 O thou, by whom we come to God,—  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,—  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

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## REPENTANCE.

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### HYMN 135. *L. M.*

- 1 **O** THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Though all my crimes before thee lie,  
Behold them not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin ;  
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banished from thy sight ;  
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,  
And guard me, that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,  
Thy help and comfort still afford ;  
And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,  
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;

HYMN 136, 137.

Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
And save the soul condemned to die.

- 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;  
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace ;  
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 8 O ! may thy love inspire my tongue ;  
Salvation shall be all my song ;  
And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

HYMN 136. *L. M.*

- 1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done thee such despise ;  
Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been,  
And long in vain thy grace received ;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved ;—
- 3 Yet, O ! the mourning sinner spare,  
In honour of my great High Priest ;  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,  
To exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 4 My weary soul, O God, release ;  
Uphold me with thy gracious hand ;  
Guide me into thy perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promised land.

HYMN 137. *L. M.*

- 1 **O** THAT my load of sin were gone !  
O that I could, at last, submit  
At Jesus' feet to lay it down !  
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet !
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find ;  
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free ;  
I cannot rest, till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in thee.



HYMN 138, 139.

- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God ;  
Thy light and easy burden prove,  
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,  
The labour of thy dying love.
- 5 I would—but thou must give the power—  
My heart from every sin release ;  
Bring near, bring near, the joyful hour,  
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

HYMN 138. C. M.

*Penitential Gratitude.*

- 1 **R**ISE, O my soul; the hours review,  
When, awed by guilt and fear,  
To heaven for grace thou durst not sue,  
And found no rescue here.
- 2 Thy tears are dried, thy griefs are fled,  
Dispelled each bitter care ;  
For heaven itself has lent its aid  
To save thee from despair.
- 3 Hear, then, O God ; thy work fulfil,  
And, from thy mercy's throne,  
Vouchsafe me strength to do thy will  
And to resist mine own.
- 4 So shall my soul each power employ  
Thy mercy to adore,  
While heaven itself proclaims with joy—  
“ One pardoned sinner more !”

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**FAITH.**

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HYMN 139. III. 2.

- 1 **R**OCK of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy side, a healing flood,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears for ever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
This for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and thou alone :  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling.

HYMN 140, 141.

- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eye-lids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,—  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

HYMN 140. *L. M.*

- 1 **F**AITH is the Christian's evidence  
Of things unseen by mortal eye;  
It passes all the bounds of sense,  
And penetrates the inmost sky.
- 2 Things absent it can set in view,  
And bring far distant prospects home;  
Events long passed it can renew,  
And long foresee the things to come.
- 3 With strong persuasion, from afar,  
The heavenly region it surveys,  
Embraces all the blessings there,  
And here enjoys the promises.
- 4 By faith a steady course we steer,  
Through ruffling storms and swelling seas,  
O'ercome the world, keep down our fear,  
And still possess our souls in peace.
- 5 By faith we pass the vale of tears  
Safe and serene, though oft distressed;  
By faith, subdue the king of fears,  
And go rejoicing to our rest.

HYMN 141. *C. M.*

Rom. viii. 31—34.

- 1 **O**, LET triumphant faith dispel  
The fears of guilt and wo:  
If God be for us, God the Lord,  
Who, who shall be our foe?
- 2 He who his only Son gave up  
To death, that we might live,  
Shall he not all things freely grant,  
That boundless love can give?
- 3 Who now his people shall accuse?  
'Tis God hath justified:  
Who now his people shall condemn?  
The Lamb of God hath died.



HYMN 142, 143.

- 4 And he who died hath risen again,  
Triumphant, from the grave :  
At God's right hand for us he pleads,  
Omnipotent to save.

HYMN 142. C. M.

*Dead Faith.*

- 1 **D**ELUDED souls, that dream of heaven,  
And make their empty boast  
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,  
While they are slaves to lust !
- 2 Vain are our fancies, vain our flights,  
If faith be cold and dead ;  
None but a living power unites  
To Christ, the living Head.
- 3 The faith which new-creates the heart,  
And works by active love,  
Will bid all sinful joys depart,  
And lift the thoughts above.
- 4 God from the curse has set us free  
To make us pure within ;  
Nor did he send his Son to be  
The minister of sin.

HYMN 143. III. 1.

*Christ our Refuge.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, Saviour of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the waves of trouble roll,  
While the tempest still is high :  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is passed ;  
Safe into the haven guide ;  
O ! receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none ;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee :  
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone ;  
Still support and comfort me :  
All my trust on thee is staid,  
All my hope from thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

HYMN 144. IV. 4.

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!  
What more can he say than to you he hath said,  
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled,—
- 2 “Fear not; I am with thee; O! be not dismayed;  
“I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
“I’ll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to  
stand,  
“Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 “When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
“The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow;  
“For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,  
“And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 “When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
“My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;  
“The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
“Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 “The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,  
“I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;  
“That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to shake,  
“I’ll never—no, never—no, never forsake.”

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**HOPE.**

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HYMN 145.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;  
Thy better portion trace;  
Rise, from transitory things,  
Towards heaven, thy destined place:  
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,  
Time shall soon this earth remove;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away,  
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Cease, my soul, O! cease to mourn;  
Press onward to the prize;  
Soon thy Saviour will return,  
To take thee to the skies:  
There is everlasting peace,  
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;  
There will sorrow ever cease,  
And crowns of joy be given.



HYMN 146. *III. 1.*

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As we journey, let us sing;  
Sing the Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Banished once, by sin betrayed,  
Christ our Advocate was made;  
Pardoned now, no more we roam;  
Christ conducts us to our home.
- 4 Lord, obediently we'll go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 147. *C. M.*

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,  
Let storms of sorrow fall,  
So I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There, anchored safe, my weary soul  
Shall find eternal rest;  
Nor storms shall beat, nor billows roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

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**JOY.**

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HYMN 148. *C. M.*

**J**OY is a fruit that will not grow  
In nature's barren soil;

HYMN 149.

- All we can boast, till Christ we know,  
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith,  
A sense of pardoning love,  
A hope that triumphs over death,—  
Give joys like those above.
- 3 These are the joys which satisfy  
And purify the mind,  
Which make the spirit mount on high,  
And leave the world behind.
- 4 No more, believer, mourn thy lot,  
O! thou, who art the Lord's,  
Resign to those who know him not  
Such joy as earth affords.

HYMN 149. *S. M.*

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,  
That never knew our God;  
But children of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God of heaven is ours,  
Our Father and our love;  
His care shall guard life's fleeting hours,  
Then waft our souls above.
- 4 There shall we see his face,  
And never, never sin;  
There, from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 5 Yes, and, before we rise,  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.
- 6 Children of grace have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,  
From faith and hope may grow.
- 7 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,



HYMN 150, 151.

Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.

- 8 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry ;  
We're travelling through Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

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LOVE.

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HYMN 150. *III.* 3.

- 1 **L**ORD, with glowing heart, I'd praise thee,  
For the bliss thy love bestows,  
For the pardoning grace that saves me,  
And the peace that from it flows :  
Help, O God, my weak endeavour ;  
This dull soul to rapture raise :  
Thou must light the flame, or never  
Can my love be warmed to praise.
- 2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,  
Wretched wanderer, far astray,  
Found thee, lost, and kindly brought thee  
From the paths of death away :  
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
And, the light of hope revealing,  
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.
- 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
Vainly would my lips express :  
Low before thy footstool kneeling,  
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless :  
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
Love's pure flame within me raise ;  
And, since words can never measure,  
Let my life show forth thy praise.

HYMN 151. *III.* 1.

- 1 **L**ORD, my God, I long to know,—  
Oft it causes anxious thought,—  
Do I love thee, Lord, or no?  
Am I thine, or am I not ?
- 2 Could my heart so hard remain,  
Prayer a task and burden prove,

## HYMN 152.

- Any duty give me pain,  
If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- 3 When I turn mine eyes within,  
O ! how dark, and vain, and wild !  
Prone to unbelief and sin,  
Can I deem myself thy child ?
- 4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
Find my sin a grief and thrall :  
Should I grieve for what I feel,  
If I did not love at all ?
- 5 Could I love thy saints to meet,  
Choose the ways I once abhorred,  
Find, at times, the promise sweet,  
If I did not love thee, Lord ?
- 6 Saviour, let me love thee more,  
If I love at all, I pray :  
If I have not loved before,  
Help me to begin to-day.
- 

### PRAISE.

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## HYMN 152.

- 1 **T**HE God of Abraham praise,  
Who reigns enthroned above ;  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of love ;  
Jehovah, great I AM,  
By earth and heaven confessed :  
I bow, and bless the sacred name  
For ever blessed.
- 2 The God of Abraham praise,  
At whose supreme command  
From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
At his right hand :  
I all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;  
And him my only Portion make,  
My Shield and Tower.
- 3 He by himself hath sworn,—  
I on his oath depend,—  
I shall, on angel wings upborne,  
To heaven ascend :



## HYMN 153.

- I shall behold his face,  
I shall his power adore,  
And sing the wonders of his grace  
For evermore.
- 4 There dwells the Lord, our King,  
The Lord, our Righteousness,  
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,  
The Prince of peace ;  
On Zion's sacred height  
His kingdom he maintains,  
And, glorious, with his saints in light,  
For ever reigns.
- 5 The God who reigns on high  
The great archangels sing ;  
And, " Holy, holy, holy," cry,  
" Almighty King,  
" Who was, and is, the same,  
" And evermore shall be,  
" Jehovah, Father, great I AM !  
" We worship thee."
- 6 The whole triumphant host  
Give thanks to God on high ;  
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
They ever cry :  
Hail, Abraham's God and mine,  
I join the heavenly lays ;  
All might and majesty are thine,  
And endless praise.

## HYMN 153. IV. 3.

Psalm c.

- 1 **B**E joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth ;  
O ! serve him with gladness and fear ;  
Exult in his presence with music and mirth ;  
With love and devotion draw near.
- 2 For Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,  
Creator and Ruler o'er all ;  
And we are his people, his sceptre we own ;  
His sheep, and we follow his call.
- 3 O ! enter his gates with thanksgiving and song ;  
Your vows in his temple proclaim ;  
His praise, with melodious accordance, prolong,  
And bless his adorable name.

HYMN 154, 155.

- 4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,  
And we are the work of his hand ;  
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,  
And shall to eternity stand.

HYMN 154. L. M.

Psalm c.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;  
Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;  
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;  
What lasting honours shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;  
High as the heaven our voices raise ;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love ;  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

~~HYMN~~ HYMN 155. III. 1.

*Songs of Praise.*

- 1 **S**ONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When he spake, and it was done.
- 2 *Songs of praise* awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of peace was born ;  
*Songs of praise* arose, when he  
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away ;  
*Songs of praise* shall crown that day :  
God will make new heavens and earth ;  
*Songs of praise* shall hail their birth.



HYMN 156, 157.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come?  
No ;—the Church delights to raise  
Psalms and hymns, and *songs of praise*.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in *songs of praise* rejoice ;  
Learning, here, by faith and love,  
*Songs of praise* to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,  
*Songs of praise* shall conquer death :  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
*Songs of praise* their powers employ.

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CONTENTMENT.

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HYMN 156. C. M.

1 **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at thy throne, let this,  
My humble prayer, arise :—

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
From every murmur free ;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
My life and death attend ;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

HYMN 157. L. M.

1 **B**E still, my heart ; these anxious cares  
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares ;  
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,  
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,  
Why wilt thou now give place to fear ?  
How canst thou want, if he provide ?  
Or lose thy way, with such a Guide ?

3 When first before his mercy-seat,  
Thou didst to him thy all commit,  
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,  
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.

HYMN 158, 159.

- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall,  
And he refuse to hear thy call?  
And has he not his promise passed,  
That thou shalt overcome at last?
- 5 Though rough and thorny be the road,  
It leads thee home apace to God;  
Then count thy present trials small,  
For heaven will make amends for all.

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**IN AFFLICTION.**

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HYMN 158. *C. M.*

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious God, my humble moan;  
To thee I breathe my sighs;  
When will the mournful night be gone?  
When shall my joys arise?
- 2 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,  
Thy promise is my stay;  
Here would I rest till light returns;  
Thy presence makes my day.
- 3 Come, Lord, and, with celestial peace,  
Relieve my aching heart;  
O! smile, and bid my sorrows cease,  
And all their gloom depart.
- 4 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,  
And bless thy healing rays,  
And change these deep, complaining sighs,  
For songs of sacred praise.

HYMN 159. *II. 3.*

Psalm xlii. 1—5.

- 1 **A**S, panting in the sultry beam,  
The hart desires the cooling stream,  
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,  
So longs my soul, O God, for thee;  
Athirst to taste thy living grace,  
And see thy glory, face to face.
- 2 But rising griefs distress my soul,  
And tears on tears successive roll;  
For many an evil voice is near,  
To chide my woe and mock my fear;



## HYMN 160.

- And silent memory weeps alone,  
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.
- 3 For I have walked the happy round,  
That circles Zion's holy ground,  
And gladly swelled the choral lays,  
That hymned my great Redeemer's praise,  
What time the hallowed arches rung  
Responsive to the solemn song.
- 4 Ah! why, by passing clouds oppressed,  
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?  
Turn, turn to him, in every pain,  
Whom suppliants never sought in vain—  
Thy Strength, in joy's ecstatic day,  
Thy Hope, when joy has passed away.

## HYMN 160. II. 3.

Hebrews, iv. 15.

*A compassionate High Priest.*

- 1 **W**HEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On him I lean, who, not in vain,  
Experienced every human pain;  
He feels my griefs, he sees my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the ill I would not do,  
Still he, who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,  
Then he, who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 4 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers all that was a friend,  
And from his voice; his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while,  
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,  
For thou did'st weep o'er Lazarus dead.

HYMN 161, 162.

- 5 And, O ! when I have safely passed  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside  
My bed of death—for thou hast died .  
Then point to realms of endless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

HYMN 161. *L. M.*

*Sanctified Affliction.*

- 1 **L**ORD, unafflicted, undismayed,  
In pleasure's path how long I strayed!  
But thou hast made me feel thy rod,  
And turned my soul to thee, my God.
- 2 What though it pierced my fainting heart?  
I blessed thy hand, that caused the smart;  
It taught my tears awhile to flow,  
But saved me from eternal wo.
- 3 O ! hadst thou left me unchastised,  
Thy precepts I had still despised,  
And still the snare, in secret laid,  
Had my unwary feet betrayed.
- 4 I love thy chastenings, O my God ;  
They fix my hopes on thy abode,  
Where, in thy presence fully blessed,  
Thy stricken saints for ever rest.

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**DAILY DEVOTION.**

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HYMN 162. *H. 3.*

*Daily Dependence.*

- 1 **W**HEN, streaming from the eastern skies,  
The morning light salutes mine eyes,  
O Sun of righteousness divine,  
On me with beams of mercy shine ;  
Chase the dark clouds of sin away,  
And turn my darkness into day.
- 2 When, to heaven's great and glorious King,  
My morning sacrifice I bring ;  
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,  
Ask mercy, Saviour, in thy name ;  
My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,  
And be my Advocate with God.



## HYMN 163.

- 3 As every day thy mercy spares  
Will bring its trials and its cares,  
O Saviour, till my life shall end,  
Be thou my Counsellor and Friend ;  
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,  
And be thy pure example mine.
- 4 When pain transfixes every part,  
Or languor settles at the heart ;  
When, on my bed, diseased, oppressed,  
I turn, and sigh, and long for rest ;  
O great Physician, see my grief,  
And grant thy servant sweet relief.
- 5 Should poverty's destructive blow  
Lay all my worldly comforts low ;  
And neither help nor hope appear,  
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer ;  
Lord, pity and supply my need,  
For thou on earth wast poor indeed.
- 6 Should Providence profusely pour  
Its varied blessings in my store ;  
O ! keep me from the ills that wait  
On such a seeming prosperous state :  
From hurtful passions set me free,  
And humbly may I walk with thee.
- 7 When each day's scenes and labours close,  
And wearied nature seeks repose,  
With pardoning mercy richly blessed,  
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest ;  
And, as each morning sun shall rise,  
O ! lead me onward to the skies.
- 8 And, at my life's last setting sun,  
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,  
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,  
To cheer and bless my dying bed ;  
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,  
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

## HYMN 163. L. M.

Psalm xvi. 9.

*“ I have set God always before me.”*

- 1 SAVIOUR, when night involves the skies,  
My soul, adoring, turns to thee ;

## HYMN 164.

- Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,  
And wrapped in shades of death for me
- 2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,  
When crimson gleams the east adorn,  
Thee, Victor of the grave and hell ;  
Thee, Source of life's eternal morn.
- 3 When noon her throne in light arrays,  
To thee my soul, triumphant, springs ;  
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze ;  
Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings
- 4 O'er earth when shades of evening steal,  
To death and thee my thoughts I give ;  
To death, whose power I soon must feel ;  
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

## HYMN 164. L. M.

### *Morning Hymn.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and, with the sun,  
Thy daily course of duty run ;  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Redeem thy misspent time that's passed ;  
Live, this day, as if 'twere thy last :  
To improve thy talents take due care ;  
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,  
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear :  
Think how the all-seeing God thy ways,  
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.
- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part ;  
Who, all night long, unwearied, sing,  
Glory to thee, eternal King.
- 5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir ;  
May your devotion me inspire ;  
That I like you my age may spend,  
Like you, may on my God attend.
- 6 May I, like you, in God delight,  
Have all day long my God in sight ;  
Perform, like you, my Maker's will :  
O ! may I never more do ill.



## HYMN 165.

- 7 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refreshed me while I slept :  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless life partake.
- 8 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;  
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;  
Guard my first spring of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 9 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say,  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 10 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye angelic host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## HYMN 165. *L. M.*

### *Morning.*

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul ; with rapture rise ;  
And, filled with love and fear, adore  
The awful Sovereign of the skies,  
Whose mercy lends me one day more.
- 2 And may this day, indulgent Power,  
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be ;  
But may each swiftly-flying hour  
Still nearer bring my soul to thee.
- 3 But can it be ? that Power divine  
Is throned in light's unbounded blaze ;  
And countless worlds and angels join  
To swell the glorious song of praise ;—
- 4 And will he deign to lend an ear,  
When I, poor abject mortal, pray ?  
Yes, boundless goodness ! he will hear,  
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.
- 5 Then let me serve thee all my days,  
And may my zeal with years increase ;  
For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,  
And all thy paths are paths of peace.

HYMN 166. *C. M.*

*Morning.*

- 1 **T**O thee let my first offerings rise,  
Whose sun creates the day,  
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,  
And spotless as his ray.
- 2 This day, thy favouring hand be nigh,  
So oft vouchsafed before ;  
Still may it lead, protect, supply,  
And I that hand adore.
- 3 If bliss thy providence impart,  
For which, resigned, I pray,  
Give me to feel a cheerful heart,  
And grateful homage pay.
- 4 Affliction should thy love intend,  
As vice or folly's cure,  
Patient to gain that gracious end,  
May I the means endure.
- 5 Be this, and every future day,  
Still wiser than the passed,  
And when I all my life survey,  
May grace sustain at last.

HYMN 167. *III. 1.*

*Morning.*

- 1 **N**OW the shades of night are gone ;  
Now the morning light is come ;  
Lord, may we be thine to-day ;  
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light ;  
Banish doubt, and clear our sight ;  
In thy service, Lord, to-day,  
May we labour, watch and pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound ;  
Save us from our foes around ;  
Going out and coming in,  
Keep us safe from every sin.
- 4 When our work of life is passed,  
O ! receive us, then, at last ;  
Night and sin will be no more,  
When we reach the heavenly shore.



HYMN 168. *L. M.*

*Evening Hymn.*

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light :  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Under thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ills that I this day have done ;  
That, with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die, that so I may,  
Triumphing, rise at the last day.
- 4 O! may my soul on thee repose,  
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close,—  
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make,  
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply :  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 O! when shall I, in endless day,  
For ever chase dark sleep away,  
And hymns divine, with angels, sing,—  
Glory to thee, eternal King !
- 7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye angelic host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 169. *L. M.*

*Evening.*

- 1 **G**REAT GOD, to thee my evening song,  
With humble gratitude, I raise :  
O! let thy mercy tune my tongue,  
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days, unclouded as they pass,  
And every onward-rolling hour,  
Are monuments of wondrous grace,  
And witness to thy love and power.

HYMN 170, 171.

- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,  
Too oft regardless of thy love,  
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,  
And from the path of duty rove !
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood  
Of Christ, my Lord ; his name alone  
I plead for pardon, gracious God,  
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 5 With hope in him mine eyelids close ;  
With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;  
Safe in thy care may I repose,  
And wake with praises to thy name.

HYMN 170. C. M.

*Evening.*

- 1 **N**OW, from the altar of our hearts,  
Let flames of love arise ;  
Assist us, Lord, to offer up  
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Minutes and mercies multiplied  
Have made up all this day ;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More swift, more free, than they.
- 3 New time, new favours, and new joys,  
Do a new song require ;  
Till we shall praise thee as we would,  
Accept our heart's desire.

HYMN 171. S. M.

*Evening.*

- 1 **T**HE day is passed and gone ;  
The evening shades appear ;  
O ! may we all remember well,  
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest ;  
So death shall soon disrobe us all  
Of what is here possessed.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe, this night,  
Secure from all our fears ;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.



HYMN 172. *III.* 1.

Psalm cxli. 2.

- 1 **S**OFTLY now the light of day  
Fades upon my sight away ;  
Free from care, from labour free,  
Lord, I would commune with thee.  
Thou, whose all-pervading eye  
Naught escapes without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault, and secret sin.
- 2 Soon for me the light of day  
Shall for ever pass away ;  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.  
Thou who, sinless, yet hast known  
All of man's infirmity,  
Then, from thine eternal throne,  
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

HYMN 173. *IV.* 2.

*Evening.*

- 1 **I**NSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,  
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,  
My all to thy covenant care  
I, sleeping or waking, resign
- 2 If thou art my Shield and my Sun,  
The night is no darkness to me ;  
And, fast as my minutes roll on,  
They bring me but nearer to thee.
- 3 A sovereign Protector I have,  
Unseen, yet for ever at hand ;  
Unchangeably faithful to save,  
Almighty to rule and command.
- 4 His smiles and his comforts abound ;  
His grace, as the dew, shall descend ;  
And walls of salvation surround  
The soul he delights to defend.

## X. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

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HYMN 174. C. M.

*Renouncing the World.*

- 1 **L**ET worldly minds the world pursue ;  
It has no charms for me ;  
Once I admired its follies too,  
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Those follies now no longer please,  
No more delight afford ;  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have known the Lord.
- 3 As, by the light of opening day,  
The stars are all concealed,  
So earthly pleasures fade away,  
When Jesus is revealed.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice ;  
I bid them all depart ;  
His name, and love, and gracious voice,  
Shall fix my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,  
And wholly live to thee ;  
Yet worthless, still, myself I own ;  
Thy worth is all my plea.

HYMN 175. L. M.

*Not ashamed of Christ.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, and shall it ever be,—  
A mortal man ashamed of thee !  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days !
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner, far,  
Let night disown each radiant star ;  
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,  
Bright morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! O ! as soon  
Let morning blush to own the sun ;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er th's benighted soul of mine.



## HYMN 176.

- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend,  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !  
No ; when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus ! empty pride !  
I'll boast a Saviour crucified ;  
And, O ! may this my portion be,  
My Saviour not ashamed of me !

## HYMN 176. S. M.

### *Prayer for Christian Graces.*

1. **J**ESUS, my Strength, my Hope,  
On thee I cast my care ;  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know thou hear'st my prayer :  
Give me on thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do ;  
On thee, almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down, and casts behind,  
The baits of pleasing ill ;  
A soul inured to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss ;  
Ready to take up, and sustain,  
The consecrated cross.
- 3 I want a godly fear,  
A quick-discerning eye,  
That looks to thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly ;  
A spirit still prepared,  
And armed with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.
- 4 I want a heart to pray,  
To pray, and never cease,  
Never to murmur at thy stay,  
Or wish my sufferings less :  
This blessing, above all,  
Always to pray, I want,  
Out of the deep on thee to call,  
And never, never faint.

HYMN 177, 178.

- 5 I want a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
Unmoved by threatening or reward,  
To thee and thy great name ;  
A jealous, just concern  
For thine immortal praise ;  
A pure desire that all may learn,  
And glorify thy grace.
- 6 I rest upon thy word ;  
The promise is for me ;  
My succour and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from thee ;  
But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till thou my patient spirit guide  
Into thy perfect love.

HYMN 177. III. 3.

*Prayer for Guidance.*

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim, through this barren land ;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountains,  
Whence the living waters flow ;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through.
- 3 Feed me with the heavenly manna,  
In this barren wilderness ;  
Be my Sword, and Shield, and Banner ;  
Be the *Lord my righteousness.*
- 4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

HYMN 178. L. M.

*Following the Example of Christ.*

- 1 **W**HENE'ER the angry passions rise,  
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,  
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,  
Bright Pattern of the Christian life.



## HYMN 179.

- 2 O! how benevolent and kind!  
How mild! how ready to forgive!  
Be this the temper of our mind,  
And these the rules by which we live.
- 3 To do his heavenly Father's will,  
Was his employment and delight;  
Humility and holy zeal  
Shone, through his life, divinely bright.
- 4 Dispensing good where'er he came,  
The labours of his life were love;  
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,  
By his example let us move.
- 5 But, ah! how blind, how weak we are!  
How frail, how apt to turn aside!  
Lord, we depend upon thy care;  
We ask thy Spirit for our Guide.
- 6 Thy fair example may we trace,  
To teach us what we ought to be;  
Make us, by thy transforming grace,  
O Saviour, daily more like thee.

## HYMN 179. S. M.

### *Duties.*

- 1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky;—
- 2 From youth to hoary age,  
My calling to fulfil:  
O! may it all my powers engage,  
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;  
And, O! thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely;  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall for ever die.

HYMN 180. C. M.

Phil. iii. 13, 14.

*"Forgetting those things which are behind," &c.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigour on ;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey ;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,  
That calls thee from on high ;  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine uplifted eye.
- 4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigour on ;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

HYMN 181. C. M.

*Doubting.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord will happiness divine  
On contrite hearts bestow ;  
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine  
A contrite heart, or no ?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,  
Insensible as steel ;  
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,  
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 My best desires are faint and few ;  
I fain would strive for more ;  
But when I cry, " My strength renew,"  
Seem weaker than before.
- 4 I see thy saints with comfort filled,  
When in thy house of prayer ;  
But still in bondage I am held,  
And find no comfort there.
- 5 O ! make this heart rejoice or ache ;  
Decide this doubt for me :



HYMN 182, 183.

And, if it be not broken, break ;  
And heal it, if it be.

HYMN 182. C. M.

*Desires after renewed Holiness.*

- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God !  
A calm and heavenly frame !  
A light to shine upon the road,  
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When first I saw the Lord ?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed !  
How sweet their memory still !  
But now I feel an aching void,  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove ; return,  
Sweet Messenger of rest ;  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God ;  
Calm and serene my frame ;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 183. III. 1.

*Trials.*

- 1 **'T**IS my happiness below,  
Not to live without the cross ;  
But the Saviour's power to know,  
Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall ;  
But, with humble faith, to see  
Love inscribed upon them all—  
This is happiness to me.

HYMN 184, 185.

- 3 Did I meet no trials here,  
No chastisement by the way,  
Might I not with reason fear  
I should be a cast-away?
- 4 Trials make the promise sweet;  
Trials give new life to prayer,  
Bring me to my Saviour's feet,  
Lay me low, and keep me there.

HYMN 184. C. M.

*Habitual Devotion.*

- 1 **W**HILE thee I seek, protecting Power,  
Be my vain wishes stilled;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;  
To thee my thoughts would soar:  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;  
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see!  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;  
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gathering storm shall see;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;  
That heart will rest on thee.

HYMN 185.

*Walking with God.*

- 1 **S**INCE I've known a Saviour's nan  
And sin's strong fetters broke,  
Careful without care I am,  
Nor feel my easy yoke.



## HYMN 186.

Joyful now my faith to show,  
I find his service my reward ;  
All the work I do below  
Is light, for such a Lord.

2 To the desert or the cell  
Let others blindly fly ;  
In this evil world I dwell,  
Nor fear its enmity ;  
Here I find an house of prayer,  
To which I inwardly retire ;  
Walking unconcerned in care,  
And unconsumed in fire.

3 O ! that all the world might know  
Of living, Lord, to thee ;  
Find their heaven begun below,  
And here thy goodness see ;  
Walk in all the works, prepared  
By thee to exercise their grace,  
Till they gain their full reward,  
And see thee face to face.

## HYMN 186. L. M.

*Heaven seen by Faith.*

1 **A**S, when the weary traveller gains  
The height of some commanding hill,  
His heart revives, if, o'er the plains,  
He sees his home, though distant still ;—

2 So, when the Christian pilgrim views,  
By faith, his mansion in the skies,  
The sight his fainting strength renews,  
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The hope of heaven his spirit cheers ;  
No more he grieves for sorrows passed ;  
Nor any future conflict fears,  
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 O Lord, on thee our hopes we stay,  
To lead us on to thine abode ;  
Assured thy love will far o'erpay  
The hardest labours of the road.

HYMN 187. IV. 4.

Job, vii. 16.

*“ I would not live alway.”*

- 1 **I** WOULD not live alway : I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way :  
The few lurid mornings, that dawn on us here,  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin ;  
Temptation without, and corruption within :  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway : no ; welcome the tomb :  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom :  
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,  
To hail him in triumph, descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God ;  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright  
    plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ;—
- 5 Where the saints, of all ages, in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren, transported, to greet ;  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul !

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XI. DEATH.

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HYMN 188. C. M.

Job, xiv. 1, 2, 5, 6.

- 1 **F**EW are thy days, and full of woe,  
O man, of woman born !  
Thy doom is written, “ Dust thou art ;  
    “ To dust thou shalt return.”
- 2 Behold the emblem of thy state  
In flowers that bloom and die ;  
Or in the shadow's fleeting form,  
That mocks the gazer's eye.
- 3 Determined are the days that fly  
Successive o'er thy head ;



HYMN 189, 190.

The numbered hour is on the wing,  
That lays thee with the dead.

- 4 Great God, afflict not, in thy wrath,  
The short allotted span,  
That bounds the few and weary days  
Of pilgrimage to man.

HYMN 189. *C. M.*

- 1 **H**ARK! from the tombs a mournful sound;  
Mine ears attend the cry;  
“Ye living men, come view the ground,  
“Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 “Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
“In spite of all your towers;  
“The tall, the wise, the reverend head,  
“Must lie as low as ours.”
- 3 Great God, is this our certain doom?  
And are we still secure?  
Still walking downward to the tomb,  
And yet prepare no more?
- 4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,  
To raise our souls to thee,  
That we may view thy glorious face  
To all eternity.

HYMN 190. *S. M.*

Job, xiv. 11—14.

- 1 **T**HE mighty flood, that rolls  
Its torrents to the main,  
Can ne’er recall its waters lost  
From that abyss again.
- 2 So days, and years, and time,  
Descending down to night,  
Can thenceforth never more return  
Back to the sphere of light;—
- 3 And man, when in the grave,  
Can never quit its gloom,  
Until the eternal morn shall wake  
The slumber of the tomb.
- 4 O! may I find, in death,  
A hiding-place with God,

## HYMN 191, 192.

Secure from woe and sin, till called  
To share his blessed abode.

- 5 Cheered by this hope, I wait,  
'Through toil, and care, and grief,  
Till my appointed course is run,  
And death shall bring relief.

## HYMN 191.

- 1 **V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame,  
Quit, O! quit, this mortal frame!  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
O! the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark! they whisper; angels say,  
"Sister spirit, come away."  
What is this absorbs me quite,  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes; it disappears;  
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring!  
Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly;  
O grave, where is thy victory?  
O death, where is thy sting?

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## XII. JUDGMENT.

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### HYMN 192. C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN, rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker, face to face,  
O! how shall I appear?
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought,—  
When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed  
In majesty severe,



HYMN 193.

And sit in judgment on my soul,  
O! how shall I appear!

4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,  
Who does her sins lament,  
That faith in Christ's atoning blood  
Shall endless woe prevent.

5 Then never shall my soul despair,  
Her pardon to procure,  
Who knows thine only Son has died  
To make that pardon sure.

HYMN 193. S. M.

1 **A**ND will the Judge descend?  
And must the dead arise?  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes?

2 And, from his righteous lips,  
Shall this dread sentence sound,  
And, through the numerous, guilty throng,  
Spread black despair around?—

3 “Depart from me, accursed,  
“To everlasting flame,  
“For rebel angels first prepared,  
“Where mercy never came.”

4 How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day,  
When earth and heaven, before his face,  
Astonished, shrink away?

5 But, ere the trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,  
What joyful tidings spread!

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;  
Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove,  
By which the Saviour bled;  
And the last awful day shall pour  
His blessings on your head.

HYMN 194. II. 7.

- 1 **G**REAT GOD, what do I see and hear !  
The end of things created !  
The Judge of man I see appear,  
On clouds of glory seated :  
The trumpet sounds ; the graves restore  
The dead, which they contained before :  
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
At the last trumpet's sounding,  
Caught up to meet him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord surrounding :  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet him.
- 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,  
Behold his wrath prevailing ;  
For they shall rise, and find their tears  
And sighs are unavailing :  
The day of grace is passed and gone ;  
Trembling they stand before the throne,  
All unprepared to meet him.
- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear !  
The end of things created !  
The Judge of man I see appear,  
On clouds of glory seated :  
Beneath his cross I view the day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
And thus prepare to meet him.

HYMN 195. III. 1.

St. Luke, xiii. 24—27.

- 1 **S**EELK, my soul, the narrow gate ;  
Enter, ere it be too late ;  
Many ask to enter there,  
When too late to offer prayer.
- 2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,  
And for ever bar the skies :  
Then, though sinners cry without,  
He will say, " I know you not."
- 3 Mournfully will they exclaim,  
" Lord, we have professed thy name ,



HYMN 196, 197.

“ We have eat with thee, and heard  
“ Heavenly teaching in thy word.”

- 4 Vain, alas ! will be their plea,  
Workers of iniquity ;  
Sad their everlasting lot ;  
Christ will say, “ I know you not !”

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XIII. ETERNITY.

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HYMN 196. S. M.

- 1 **O** WHERE shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul ?  
’Twere vain the ocean’s depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give  
The bliss, for which we sigh :  
’Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years—  
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath :  
O ! what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death !
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be driven from thy face,  
For evermore undone.

HYMN 197. C. M.

2 Cor. iv. 18.

- 1 **H**OW long shall earth’s alluring toys  
Detain our hearts and eyes,  
Regardless of immortal joys,  
And strangers to the skies !
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay ;  
They fade upon the sight ;  
And quickly will their brightest day  
Be lost in endless night.

## HYMN 198.

- 3 Their brightest day, alas ! how vain,  
With conscious sighs we own ;  
While clouds of sorrow, care and pain,  
O'ershade the smiling noon.
- 4 O ! could our thoughts and wishes fly  
Above these gloomy shades,  
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,  
Which sorrow ne'er invades !
- 5 There joys, unseen by mortal eye,  
Or reason's feeble ray,  
In ever-blooming prospects rise,  
Unconscious of decay.
- 6 Lord, send a beam of light divine,  
To guide our upward aim ;  
With one reviving touch of thine,  
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,  
Our ardent wishes rise  
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring  
Immortal in the skies.

## HYMN 198. *C. M.*

- 1 **C**OME, Lord, and warm each languid heart ;  
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;  
And let the joys of heaven impart  
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,  
And discord, there shall cease ;  
And perfect joy, and love sincere,  
Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul, from sin for ever free,  
Shall mourn its power no more ;  
But, clothed in spotless purity,  
Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There, on a throne, (how dazzling bright !)  
The exalted Saviour shines ;  
And beams ineffable delight  
On all the heavenly minds.
- 5 There shall the followers of the Lamb  
Join in immortal songs,  
And endless honours to his name  
Employ their tuneful tongues.



HYMN 199, 200.

- 6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,  
Our feeble notes inspire,  
Till, in thy blissful courts above,  
We join the angelic choir.

HYMN 199. *C. M.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Eternal day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-fading flowers ;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Bright fields, beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green ;  
So, to the Jews, fair Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,  
To cross the narrow sea ;  
And linger, trembling, on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O ! could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With faith's illumined eyes !—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's streams, not death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 200. *C. M.*

- 1 **S**HOULD Nature's charms, to please the eye,  
In sweet assemblage join,  
All Nature's charms would droop and die,  
Jesus, compared with thine.
- 2 Vain were her fairest beams displayed,  
And vain her blooming store ;  
Her brightness languishes to shade,  
Her beauty is no more.
- 3 But, ah ! how far from mortal sight  
The Lord of glory dwells !

## HYMN 201.

- A veil of interposing night  
His radiant face conceals.
- 4 O! could my longing spirit rise,  
On strong, immortal wing,  
And reach thy palace in the skies,  
My Saviour and my King!
- 5 There thousands worship at thy feet,  
And there—divine employ!—  
The triumphs of thy love repeat,  
In songs of endless joy.
- 6 Thy presence beams eternal day  
O'er all the blissful place;  
Who would not drop this load of clay,  
And die to see thy face?

## HYMN 201. *III.* 1.

Rev. vii. 9, &c.

- 1 **W**HO are these in bright array?  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar, night and day,  
Tuning their triumphant song?  
“Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,  
“Blessing, honour, glory, power,  
“Wisdom, riches, to obtain,  
“New dominion every hour.”
- 2 These through fiery trials trod;  
These from great affliction came;  
Now before the throne of God,  
Sealed with his eternal name:  
Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor palms in every hand,  
Through their great Redeemer's might,  
More than conquerors they stand,
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed;  
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,  
Shall to living fountains lead:  
Joy and gladness banish sighs;  
Perfect love dispels their fears;  
And for ever, from their eyes,  
God shall wipe away their tears.



## XIV. MISCELLANEOUS.

### HYMN 202. *C. M.*

Genesis, xxviii. 20, 21.

- 1 **G**OD of our fathers, by whose hand  
Thy people still are blessed,  
Be with us through our pilgrimage,  
Conduct us to our rest.
- 2 Through each perplexing path of life,  
Our wandering footsteps guide ;  
Give us, each day, our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.
- 3 O ! spread thy sheltering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And, at our Father's loved abode,  
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 4 Such blessings, from thy gracious hand,  
Our humble prayers implore ;  
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God  
And Portion evermore.

### HYMN 203. *III. 3.*

1 Chronicles, xxix. 10—13.

- 1 **B**LESSED be thou, the God of Israel,  
Thou, our Father, and our Lord ;  
Blessed thy majesty for ever ;  
Ever be thy name adored.
- 2 Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness ;  
Glory, victory, are thine own ;  
All is thine in earth and heaven,  
Over all thy boundless throne.
- 3 Riches come of thee ; and honour,  
Power and might to thee belong ;  
Thine it is to make us prosper,  
Only thine to make us strong.
- 4 Lord our God, for these thy bounties,  
Hymns of gratitude we raise ;  
To thy name, for ever glorious,  
Ever we address our praise.

HYMN 204. *C. M.*

Proverbs, iii. 13—17.

- 1 **O** HAPPY is the man, who hears  
Religion's warning voice,  
And who celestial Wisdom makes  
His early, only choice.
- 2 For she has treasures greater far  
Than east or west unfold ;  
More precious are her bright rewards,  
Than gems, or stores of gold.
- 3 Her right hand offers to the just  
Immortal, happy days ;  
Her left, imperishable wealth  
And heavenly crowns displays.
- 4 And, as her holy labours rise,  
So her rewards increase ;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

HYMN 205. *L. M.*

Isaiah, xl. 6—8.

- 1 **T**HE morning flowers display their sweets,  
And gay their silken leaves unfold ;  
As careless of the noon-day heats,  
And fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipped by the wind's unkindly blast,  
Parched by the sun's more fervent ray,  
The momentary glories waste,  
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,  
When youth its pride of beauty shows ;  
Fairer than spring the colours shine,  
And sweeter than the opening rose.
- 4 But, worn by slowly-rolling years,  
Or broke by sickness in a day,  
The fading glory disappears,  
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,  
With lustre brighter far shall shine ;  
Revive with ever-during bloom,  
Safe from diseases and decline.



## HYMN 206.

- 6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,  
If heaven shall recompense our pains :  
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,  
If firm the word of God remains.

## HYMN 206. *C. M.*

Isaiah, xl. 27—31.

- 1 **W**HY mournest thou, my anxious soul,  
Despairing of relief,  
As if the Lord o'erlooked thy cares,  
Or pitied not thy grief ?
- 2 Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard,  
That firm remains on high  
The everlasting throne of him,  
Who made the earth and sky ?
- 3 Art thou afraid his power will fail,  
In sorrow's evil day ?  
Can the Creator's mighty arm  
Grow weary, or decay ?
- 4 Supreme in wisdom as in power,  
The Rock of ages stands ;  
Thou canst not search his mind, nor trace  
The working of his hands.
- 5 He gives the conquest to the weak,  
Supports the fainting heart ;  
And courage, in the evil hour,  
His heavenly aids impart.
- 6 Mere human energy shall faint,  
And youthful vigour cease ;  
But those who wait upon the Lord  
In strength shall still increase.
- 7 They with unwearied step shall tread  
The path of life divine ;  
With growing ardour onward move,  
With growing brightness shine.
- 8 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar  
On wings of faith and love,  
Till, past the sphere of earth and sin,  
They rise to heaven above.

HYMN 207. *C. M.*

Isaiah, lvii. 15.

- 1 **T**HUS speaks the high and lofty One :—  
My throne is fixed on high ;  
There, through eternity, I hear  
The praises of the sky ;—
- 2 Yet, looking down, I visit oft  
The humble, hallowed cell ;  
And with the penitent who mourn  
'Tis my delight to dwell.
- 3 My presence heals the wounded heart,  
The sad in spirit cheers ;  
My presence, from the bed of dust,  
The contrite sinner rears.
- 4 I dwell with all my humble saints,  
While they on earth remain ;  
And they, exalted, dwell with me,  
With me for ever reign.

HYMN 208. *II. 1.*

Habakkuk, iii. 17—19.

- 1 **A**LTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,  
The budding fig-tree droop and die,  
No oil the olive yield ;  
Yet will I trust me in my God,  
Yea, bend, rejoicing, to his rod,  
And by his grace be healed.
- 2 Though fields, in verdure once arrayed,  
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,  
Or parched by scorching beam ;  
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,  
My joy ; for, though his frown is just,  
His mercy is supreme.
- 3 Though from the fold the flock decay,  
Though herds lie famished o'er the lea,  
And round the empty stall ;  
My soul above the wreck shall rise ;  
Its better joys are in the skies ;  
There, God is all in all.
- 4 In God my Strength, howe'er distressed,  
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,



## HYMN 209, 210, 211.

Nay, triumph, in his love ;  
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,  
Free as the hind he makes, and fleet,  
To speed my course above.

### HYMN 209. *C. M.*

St. John, xiv. 6.

- 1 **T**HOU art the Way ; to thee alone  
From sin and death we flee ;  
And he, who would the Father seek,  
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth ; thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart ;  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb  
Proclaims thy conquering arm,  
And those, who put their trust in thee,  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;  
Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

### HYMN 210. *S. M.*

Philippians, ii. 12, 13.

- 1 **H**EIRS of unending life,  
While yet we sojourn here,  
O ! let us our salvation work  
With trembling and with fear.
- 2 God will support our hearts,  
With might before unknown ;  
The work to be performed is ours,  
The strength is all his own.
- 3 'Tis he that works to will,  
'Tis he that works to do ;  
His is the power by which we act,  
His be the glory too.

### HYMN 211. *III. 1.*

Ephesians, v. 14—17.

- 1 **S**INNER, rouse thee from thy sleep ;  
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;

## HYMN 212.

- Raise thy spirit, dark and dead ;  
Jesus waits his light to shed.
- 2 Wake from sleep, arise from death ;  
See the bright and living path ;  
Watchful tread that path ; be wise ;  
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.
- 3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime ;  
From this hour redeem thy time ;  
Life secure without delay ;  
Evil is the mortal day.
- 4 Be not blind and foolish still ;  
Called of Jesus, learn his will ;  
Jesus calls from death and night,  
Jesus waits to shed his light.

## HYMN 212. *C. M.*

Hebrews, xii. 1, 2.

- 1 **L**O ! what a cloud of witnesses  
Encompass us around ;  
Men once, like us, with suffering tried,  
But now with glory crowned.
- 2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,  
Strive in the Christian race ;  
And, freed from every weight of sin,  
Their holy footsteps trace.
- 3 Behold a Witness, nobler still,  
Who trod affliction's path,—  
Jesus, the Author, Finisher,  
Rewarder of our faith.
- 4 He, for the joy before him set,  
And moved by pitying love,  
Endured the cross, despised the shame,  
And now he reigns above.
- 5 Thither, forgetting things behind,  
Press we to God's right hand,  
There, with the Saviour and his saints,  
Triumphantly to stand.



## XV. GLORIA PATRI.

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N. B. The metre marks, affixed to the preceding Hymns, have reference to a division of the metres, founded on the nature of the verse, into four classes, marked—I. II. III. IV.

CLASS I. includes common, long, and short metres, marked—C. M., L. M., S. M.

CLASS II. includes the other iambic metres, eight in number, marked—II. 1, II. 2, II. 3, II. 4, &c., which may be named—*Two, one ; Two, two ; Two, three, &c.*

CLASS III. includes the trochaic metres, being five in number, marked—III. 1, III. 2, III. 3, &c., which may be named—*Three, one ; Three, two, &c.*

CLASS IV. includes the metres consisting chiefly of triplets, being five in number, marked—IV. 1, IV. 2, IV. 3, &c., and may be named—*Four, one, Four two, &c.*

### CLASS I.

---

#### C. M.

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

#### L. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom earth and heaven adore,  
Be glory, as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

#### S. M.

To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, glory be,  
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so  
To all eternity.

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### CLASS II.

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#### II. 1.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom heaven's triumphant host  
And saints on earth adore,  
Be glory, as in ages passed,  
As now it is, and so shall last  
When time shall be no more.

## GLORIA PATRI.

### II. 2.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom heaven's triumphant host  
And suffering saints on earth adore,  
Be glory, as in ages passed,  
As now it is, and so shall last  
When time itself shall be no more.

### II. 3.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be glory in the highest given,  
By all on earth, and all in heaven,  
As was through ages heretofore,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

### II. 4.

To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, ever blessed,  
Eternal Three in One,  
All worship be addressed ;  
As heretofore  
It was, is now,  
And shall be so  
For evermore.

### II. 5.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,  
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,  
As was, and is, and ever shall be given.

### II. 6.

Eternal praise be given,  
And songs of highest worth,  
By all the hosts of heaven,  
And all the saints on earth,  
To God, supreme confessed,  
To Christ, his only Son,  
And to the Spirit blessed,  
Eternal Three in One.



## GLORIA PATRI.

### II. 7.

To Father, Son, and Spirit blessed,  
Supreme o'er earth and heaven,  
Eternal Three in One confessed,  
Be highest glory given,  
As was through ages heretofore,  
Is now, and shall be evermore,  
By all in earth and heaven.

### II. 8.

By all on earth and all in heaven,  
Be everlasting glory given,  
To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit; equal Three  
In undivided Unity,  
Ere time had yet its course begun :  
As was, and is, be highest praise,  
As still shall be through endless days.

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## CLASS III.

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### III. 1.

Holy Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Glory, as of old, to thee,  
Now, and evermore shall be.

### III. 2.

Praise the name of God most high,  
Praise him all below the sky,  
Praise him all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;  
As through countless ages passed,  
Evermore his praise shall last.

### III. 3.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,  
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise ;  
As it was, and is, be given  
Glory through eternal days.

## GLORIA PATRI.

### III. 4.

To the Father, throned in heaven,  
To the Saviour, Christ, his Son,  
To the Spirit, praise be given,  
Everlasting Three in One ;  
As of old, the Trinity  
Still is worshipped, still shall be.

### III. 5.

Great Jehovah, we adore thee,  
God the Father, God the Son,  
God the Spirit, joined in glory  
On the same eternal throne ;  
Endless praises  
To Jehovah, Three in One.

---

## CLASS IV.

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### IV. 1.

By angels in heaven,  
Of every degree,  
And saints upon earth,  
All praise be addressed  
To God in three persons,  
One God ever blessed,  
As it has been, now is,  
And ever shall be.

### IV. 2.

All praise to the Father, the Son,  
And Spirit, thrice holy and blessed,  
The eternal, supreme Three in One,  
Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

### IV. 3.

All praise to the Father, all praise to the Son,  
All praise to the Spirit, thrice blessed,  
The holy, eternal, supreme Three in One,  
Was, is and shall still be addressed.



## GLORIA PATRI.

### IV. 4.

O Father Almighty, to thee be addressed,  
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blessed,  
All glory and worship from earth and from heaven,  
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

### IV. 5.

All glory and praise to the Father be given,  
The Son, and the Spirit, from earth and from heaven;  
As was, and is now, be supreme adoration,  
And ever shall be, to the God of salvation.

*For Hymns 145 and 185.*

To the Father, to the Son,  
And Spirit ever blessed,  
Everlasting Three in One,  
All worship be addressed:  
Praise from all above, below,  
As throughout the ages passed,  
Now is given, and shall be so  
While endless ages last.

*When used to Hymn 185, in line 6, read,*  
As was throughout the ages passed.

---

Come, let us adore him; come, bow at his feet;  
O! give him the glory, the praise that is meet;  
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

---

¶ Whenever the Hymns are used at the celebration of divine service, a certain portion or portions of the Psalms of David, in metre, shall also be sung.

END OF THE HYMNS.

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